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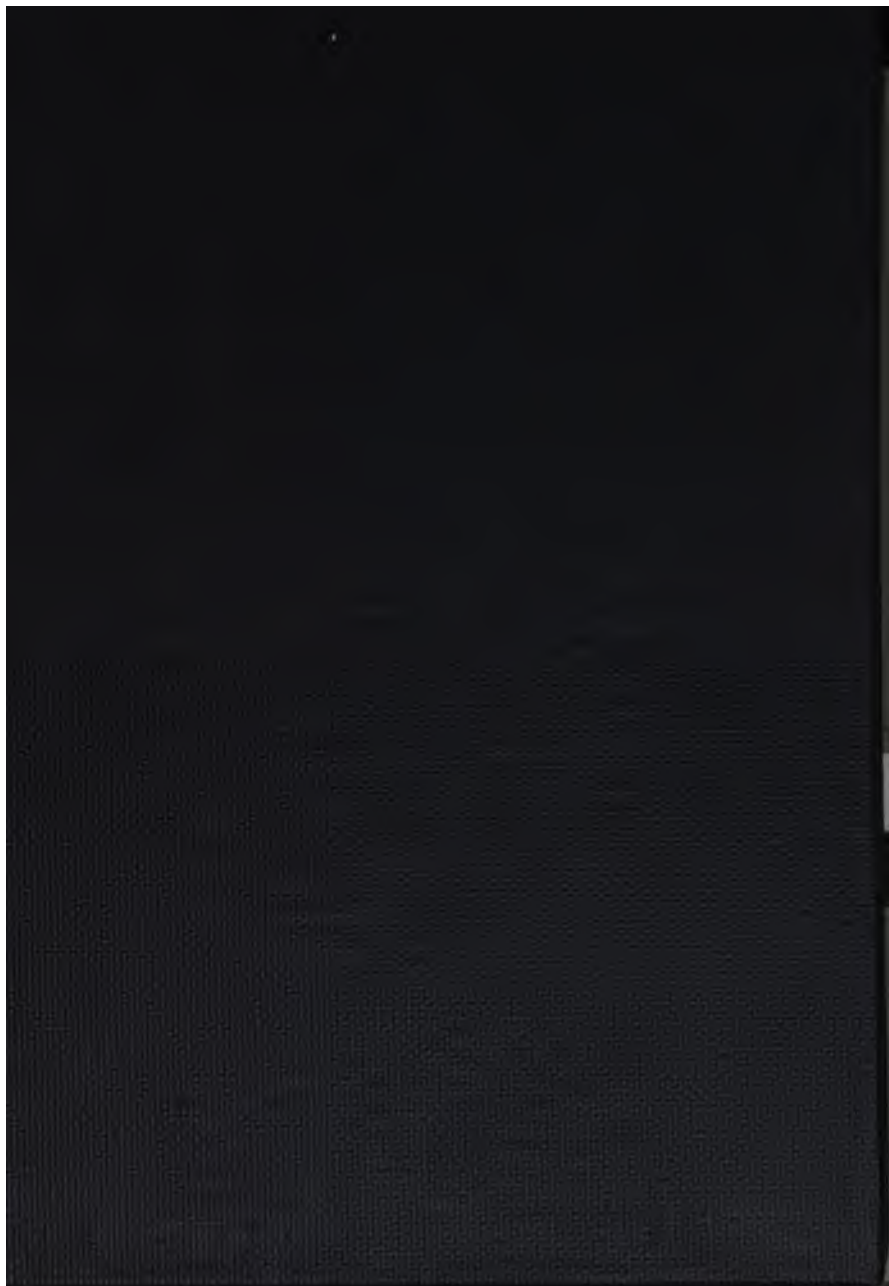
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BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES

Pictures of New England
Life in the Olden Times
in Williamstown . . .

BY

JUDGE KEYES DANFORTH

NEW YORK
GAZLAY BROTHERS
1895

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PREFACE.

When I commenced writing these Reminiscences it was not with any idea of publishing them. But the local editor of the North Adams *Transcript*, seeing the first article, solicited it for publication and I acquiesced ; and a number of the articles have been published in that paper. Some who read them asked me to have the articles republished in book form. They may interest some of the older persons who lived in Williamstown in those olden times and were familiar with the characters, homes, and people described. They may be of interest, also, to some of the graduates of the College.

KEYES DANFORTH.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.,
June 1, 1895.



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CHAPTER I.

BUXTON AND ITS EARLY SETTLERS—A TYPICAL OLD-TIME HOUSE—CIDER AND APPLEJACK—A TRIP TO THE CARDING MILL—HOW FAMILIES WERE CLOTHED AND SHOD—THE DISTRICT SCHOOL—GETTING THE COWS.

Buxton was a famous place to me in my boyhood days, being named for Buxton, of England, I presume, for having many of its rugged qualities and the class of people who settled there. It is said to have been named Buxton by my grandmother.

Many of the first settlers of the town located there. The Danforths, Bulkleys, Tallmages, Fords, Hoxeys, Kilborns and Youngs, settled on neighboring house lots, and most of them had large families. Most of their children were older than myself and I knew but little of them except from tradition. It was the world I lived in and the only one I knew in my young days, and the life and doings of these early days, in which I moved and participated, made a deep impression

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upon my young mind, and are fresher in it than many things which have occurred within the last year.

Being one of a large family, born in January, 1822, in a one-story house covering some less than one-half acre, situated on the extreme west house lot on Main Street, having seven rooms on the ground floor, with a chimney some eight feet square at the base, with a large brick oven which yielded at Thanksgiving time its wealth of brown bread, suet puddings, chicken pies, and other things too numerous to mention; having fire-places in these rooms, situated around the big chimney, the fire-place in the kitchen being five feet wide, into which we used to pile four-foot logs and wood for light and warmth in the long winter evenings, being occupied with many neighboring men who came to talk over the news of the day and lay plans for the next political campaign (my father being a leading democrat), while I, a boy, made frequent excursions to the cellar to replenish the empty pitcher; for those were days of much cider and apple-jack, but very little drunkenness from the use of the same. The women of the family occupied the sitting room with their mates, and the company indulged in their own domestic employment and neighborly gossip. During the day the men were engaged in the severe labor of the farm (as my father possessed many acres) and the mother and daughters took up their duties of the day, spinning, weaving, and other domestic work,

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as there were not any factories in those early days, though there was here and there a carding mill and cloth-dressing mill.

I remember when a small boy driving my mother to the South part carding mill, located on the road to New Ashford, operated by William Johnson and Charles Butler, in the building afterward used by James A. Eldridge as a plane factory. We stayed all day, waiting for the rolls to be manufactured from the budget of wool which we brought to the mill. Meanwhile I played around the mill and my mother visited with Mrs. Johnson. When the rolls were brought home they had to be spun and made into cloth by the home-weaver, and stockings by the knitter, for the family use and wear, which kept the mother and daughters of the family busy. There were not any drones in those days; they were days of toil and self-help, still people had their hours and days of recreation and pleasure.

My big brothers had become full-fledged and left the old nest before I was old enough to remember much about them, but there lingered about the old home many of their doings and sayings. We had living with us a lame Swedish sailor called "Broken-Back" Charley, who used to have a glass he carried around at commencement time and let the boys look through at a cent a peep, saying to them they could see the whole world in it. Charley used to cultivate

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the gardens, feed the pigs and do other light chores about the house. The upper part or chamber of the old house was in one room, the boards of the floor of which did not touch the big chimney, leaving some foot space between the floor and chimney as a protection against fire, as there were not any fire insurance companies in those early days. This space made it a very convenient place for the mother cat to bring up her kittens; the chamber door and kitchen door having scientific cat-holes cut in them for the ingress and egress of the feline occupants. This chamber was occupied by the weaving loom and quilting frames, and our lodging room for the boys and hired men. One of my brothers was quite a young wag, and oftentimes in the middle of the night would call out to old Charley, "What's the number of your room?" and Charley would answer, "Sixteen." The old sailor's couch was near the quilting frames, and as soon as the light of day came into the room he would shake the quilting frames and hallo, "Boys, up, the early bird catches the worm."

In my early boyhood I was permitted to run at large in the street and over broad acres, playing "one old cat," and base ball, (no scientific games or balls hard as a white oak boulder in those days) except when pressed into service to ride the horse to plough out the corn and potatoes. This being somewhat monotonous and sleepy business, I would fall asleep

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astride of the sheepskin on the horse's back, leaving the horse to his own sweet will, when a sod hurled by the holder of the plow would take me in the back and cause sleep to depart. I also followed the mowers with my rake stale to spread the swathes of the new mown grass and bring the drink to the weary men who swung the scythes. I attended school two months in summer, and three months in winter. How well I remember those youthful days of fun and frolic far back in the past, while attending school in the little red school-house on the bank of the brook at the foot of the hill, taught in the summer time by charming young misses, and in winter by young men from the college. In those days the long winter vacation gave the students an opportunity to earn some few dollars to assist them in their college course, and most of our schools in town and neighboring towns were taught by the students of the college the winter term, when the school-house was filled with large boys and girls of an interesting age, and oftentimes students who did not really need the small reward which the town dealt out to them for teaching, would take a school for the amount of fun they could get out of teaching and boarding around in the different families of the district, adorned with good, bright, healthy country girls, as the families of those days were large and the girls were beauties. The first female teacher I remember was Miss Percy Bridges, afterwards Mrs. Henry

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Seeley, and the first male teacher was Mason Noble, who was supplying our pulpit when the old church on the hill burned down. The little school-house also served the purpose of a Buxton Church, where Sunday evening meetings were held by Anthony Sanders, with Justin Ford as chorister. Sometimes Professor Albert Hopkins would come up and take charge of the meetings, when the little house would be packed, with a narrow passage left him to reach his chair, when he would look around with those deep-set black eyes of his upon that little hive of human beings, and with the spirit of the Master upon him, would give us such a discourse as could come from none other than him, aroused by the wants of the little compact company around him.

Santa Claus was very poor in those days, and the boys and girls did not find waiting for them in the early dawn of Christmas morning, sleds and skates for winter use. Each boy made his own sled. Not any rippers or double runners gladdened our eyes. The first skates I had, I made the woods and straps and fitted the same to an old pair of skate irons I purchased for six cents, and they were hard looking instruments to glide over the ice on, still the best I had or could procure under the circumstances.

In the fall father would gather in from the tannery sides of upper leather and sole leather, as the farmers used to take the hides they took from the cattle and

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other beasts they killed to the tannery to be dressed and made into leather for family use, and old Rube Peters would be brought to the house with his bench and kit and shoe up the family for the winter campaign; and when the cloth was made ready, Nancy would come with her goose to make the boys' clothes. I would most always have to go to the last place she worked for the goose. Why it was called a goose I never knew. Nancy never carried any tape measure. (I presume there were none in those days.) She used to take the old Pittsfield *Sun*, (which was the only paper my father took in those days, and which he continued until his death) and cut into strips, and stitching the strips together, would measure me for trousers and coat, (didn't have vests,) commencing at bottom of leg up to knee, then double one over the strip and cut a notch and so on, as she turned a corner. The suit fitted all around and was roomy and good, and I felt good with my new suit of sheep's gray; and when the seat and knees wore through, (as they will on a tearing boy) patches of the same cloth would be put on by the weary and loving mother, lighted by a tallow dip at night, while the tearing boy was asleep, to be ready for him when he awoke the next morning. The patches would not often match in color, as the long exposure of trousers to the elements would fade them much. Now and then a dressmaker would come in and fit out the girls with

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their go-to-meeting clothes, but their everyday clothes they fitted and made themselves. Those were days of self-help. There was work to do and it was done.

In early spring my old winter shoes were laid aside, and I went barefoot till fall. Sometimes I was afflicted with a stone-bruise on my heel, and would be put to the inconvenience of going tip-toe, which is the sign of a good dancer. Many a time when I drove up the cows from the meadows in the early frosty mornings in the fall, I would start up the cows and stand and warm my feet on the bed of earth which the cows had warmed. During my early boyhood my father kept a dairy of some thirty cows, and it was my duty to go after the cows at night. The pasture was large, extending over the hills, interspersed with much forest and openings here and there and ending at the Prindle orchard. This orchard produced much choice fruit, and, knowing the location of the early and late fruit trees, I would leap over the fence and fill my pockets, boy-like, having no fear of that kind of pilfering or idea it was wrong to pocket a few apples from a large orchard. This orchard was set out by the Prindle brothers many years before, about a mile from their house on the eastern boundary of their farm, and it was always a mystery to me why they located such a fine fruit orchard so far from their dwelling. I presume it was to get a southern exposure, and on land least valuable

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for farming purposes. William B. Sherman and Robins Bulkley set orchards at the same time, but near their dwellings. These old orchards have mostly disappeared, but now and then an old trunk remains. The Sherman orchard was the boy rogue's pilfering ground, and the hired men from the various farms used to make the mow of fresh mown hay redolent with the fragrance of early harvest apples therein concealed.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT IT COST TO BUILD A HOUSE—SOME OF THE OLD HOUSES AND OLD FAMILIES—CARRYING WATER AND TAKING APPLES FOR PAY—STARTING A BALKY HORSE—JAMES WATERMAN'S LEGACY—THE BLESSING BEFORE LUNCH.

In the year 1835, my father built a new house on one of the house lots north of Main Street, the family having outgrown the old resting place. He contracted with a man by the name of Atwood to build the same, price \$300 and board of himself and workmen, taking the framing timbers in the rough, hew and frame the same, make all the doors and window sash (as there were not any sash and door factories at that time) and finish the house outside and in as to wood work, my father furnishing the material. Atwood employed some four men, their wages being seventy-five cents per day, and they worked from dawn to dark. The rest of the evening they spent in the street sitting on the logs telling stories, of which the boss had a fund, and it was great fun for me, a boy, to listen to them.

That fall we abandoned the old house as a home and settled in the new, and the old house with part of the farm was rented, and, not being kept in proper repair, it became much run down, and at my father's

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death, when it came into my hands, thinking it would be expensive to repair the old home, and having to practice economy in those days, I concluded it would be more economical to move the house out by the barn for a storehouse and erect a new front, which I did some years ago the barn took fire and the old house went up in flames and smoke, and the shelter of my early boyhood was no more.

How many times in these days of romance and love of old places and things, have I regretted not repairing the old house and allowing it to stand on its old foundations, a monument to these olden times, as it must have been among the oldest houses in town, as this was a portion of the town first settled, judging from peculiar architecture of the houses built in that part of the town. One stood on the knoll on the west side of the road nearly opposite the new Buxton school-house, in which Thomas F. Hoxsey lived when he came to town, and until he built the house on the hill now occupied by L. C. Torrey. The first family I remember occupying this house was John Pettit's. Mrs. Pettit was a woman of odd speech and full of fun, and I used to go there to hear her talk, and hunt eggs in the old half-underground kitchen, which, having been abandoned as a living room, was occupied by the hens laying the luck eggs. Afterwards Reuben Peters occupied it. I used to go there to get my shoes mended. He had a son we used

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to call "Buck" Peters, who played the drum, and I have marched with other boys more than a thousand miles, all told, after "Buck" and his drum, moonlight evenings. There were four more such houses as my old home in the neighborhood. But one is now standing, known as the Wheldon house. They must have been built before or soon after the Revolution, as my grandfather purchased the farm with the buildings thereon in 1800, and he lived on the farm some years before. The period before this was of different architecture, being one story, narrow and long, door in the centre, opening into an entry-way with rooms each side. They were called regulation houses. There were five in Buxton district, now all gone. One stood where the wing of my farm-house stands. In my boyhood it was occupied by old Mrs. Taylor, who colored ribbons and cloth for the girls. She had two boys older than myself, and I found very convenient to spend some of my evenings there, and I have brought many a pail of water for her from the spring under the hill, and received a large red apple from her in pay. The trunk of the old apple tree stands on the bank now. One house stood on the south side of Main Street at the brow of the little hill. Another was the old Kilborn house on the bank of Hemlock brook, since remodeled by Barney Manion. Another stood on the north side of the road in Charityville on the west side of the brook, owned

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and occupied in early days by Rube Peters, purchased by the late Ned Reagen, and he, fearing the brook when on a rampage might carry him off, moved it west and set up and remodeled it. The other was the old Younger house, which stood on the hill just west of where the Tom Bridgeman home now stands. Another little old house which has disappeared stood near, and east of the Root house on a clay bank where the road to Pownal runs. It was occupied by Major Hawley, a little, white haired old man, who walked with a cane, with his little fingers sticking out. He was an English soldier of the war of 1812, who deserted while on their way through the county at the close of the war. Another of the deserters, Hugh Cain, stopped in Williamstown. He at one time in my younger days occupied a part of our old homestead. He was the father of William Cain, called "Bill" Cain. The house on the Rocks, in Main Street, at one time was occupied by a family by name of Swan. Mrs. Swan was a tall, black-eyed woman, with some beautiful black-eyed daughters, (my mother said.) One of these daughters was the mother of B. F. Mather, who, at his death, was the oldest merchant of Berkshire county.

Bissill Sherman had quite an orchard on his land south of this house, and Bradock Meech used to trim the orchard for wood and limbs. One day Bradock had his one-horse lumber wagon loaded with limbs,

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and himself on top of the load, when his horse refused to draw. I, a boy, happening along, tried to start the horse, but no go. Finally I said to the old man that I had been told that if you would put a chestnut burr under a balky horse's tail he would draw. He said: "Dum him, try him." There being a little chestnut tree close at hand, I picked a burr and, raising the old horse's tail, I put the burr under. The old horse clapped down his tail and started upon a run, and I started on the run for home, looking around to see how the running horse was making it. I saw Bradock going one way and the brush the other, and the horse making his 2.40, but he was stopped and no damage was done.

Some twelve years ago when James Waterman ran the stage and express to and from the depot, one winter day I boarded his sleigh at the depot to ride up to the village, when I spied in the sleigh a two-gallon jug which had come from Troy by express, and a tag hanging from the handle with Bradock Meech's name. I said to Jim, "How is this; Bradock has been dead more than forty years?" His answer was: "I used to court his daughter Lucy when a boy, and this is my legacy."

In 1834, Col. William Waterman and my father took a contract of the town to rebuild the Noble bridge, which the floods had taken off that spring. It stood where the iron bridge now stands, near the

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depot, and all the boys and hired men of the two families worked on the bridge in the autumn and one had plenty of work and fun. Jim and I would start just before lunch-time across the Cole pasture, through thistle beds up to our waists, barefoot, into the backpath of Dr. Samuel Smith's orchard, fill our pockets with nice ripe apples, and return. When ready to sit down to our lunch, if our fathers were not present, Jim would ask one of Deacon James Young's blessings and we would fall to.

CHAPTER III.

OLD HOMESTEAD NOW ALL GONE—SOME WELL
REMEMBERED PEOPLE OF THE OLD DAYS—A
NOTED HORSEBACK RIDER AND HOW HE FOOLED
THE STUDENTS—EBENEZER PRATT'S PARISH—
A REMARKABLE TEXT.

Robins Bulkley, the father of the late Judge John Bulkley, owned and lived on farm where the late Roswell Meacham lived. His family consisted of two boys and a number of beautiful girls, who in their young days made their home a pleasant resort for the young people of the neighborhood and village. The next house west, now the house of Col. A. L. Hopkins' farmer, known as the Josiah Tallmage farm, was the home of Mrs. Jeremiah H. Hosford in her young days, and was occupied in my very early boyhood by Anthony Sanders, who kept the town-poor, and whose family I will speak of later. Justin Ford lived in the next house west, owned and occupied by his father, Deacon Ford, before him, and since remodeled by Col. Hopkins, and occupied as his Buxton home. I have a good reason for remembering this old house, for when very young the boys of the neighborhood were playing about the house one moonlight night and we had a race from the house

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below up to the Ford house. Being tired, I sat down on a log, when one of the boys took up the ax and struck the log, and the ax glanced and split my ear open. We were frightened at the flow of blood. They took me into the kitchen of the house, and there being a company of young people there that evening, they poured out of the parlor into the kitchen, and it so happened that one of my older brothers was of the company. He took me home and placed me astride of a horse behind him and landed me in Dr. Emmons' office, who took a couple of stitches in my ear and put on some sticking plaster and sent me home. I still carry the mark. The most immediate advantage it proved to me was the school-teacher dared not box my ears for some months.

Amasa Bridges' house stood across the ravine on a little knoll just north of Hopkins' reservoir. His family consisted of bright, witty daughters, two of whom were my teachers in the little Buxton school-house at different times. Ann, the younger, was a fountain of wit and fun, good company and welcomed into every family in the neighborhood. I think she is still living in Ohio. She was here a few years ago visiting her sister, Mrs. Knowlton. I took her on a drive up round the scenes of her early childhood, but she was very quiet. All fun had departed from her, forced out by the hardships of life or by the thoughts of the destruction of her early home, as the house

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and all were gone. Even the old blacksmith shop which stood on the opposite side of the road, where I had been many a time to get my father's horses shod, was gone also.

The next house as you go up Northwest hill in my very early boyhood was owned and occupied by old Nathaniel Chamberlin, the father of Ralph and Emory Chamberlin, and grandfather of the late Nathaniel Chamberlin, who for many years owned and occupied this place. Tradition says the old Nathaniel was a noted horseback rider, and had a white horse he had educated to take short gallops and stop suddenly. The street walk used to pass through the center of old West College, with doors that closed each side. Old Nat was around the college one day on his white horse when some of the students bet him a sum of money that he couldn't ride his horse through the college. They had placed a student at the farther door to close it and trap the old man and horse when well in. The old gent smelt a rat and would start his horse on the gallop for the door and would stop suddenly at the steps. After doing this several times, throwing the boys off their guard, he started the old gray horse and went through the building so quickly that the boys could not close the doors and trap him.

The next house as you go up the hill was owned and occupied by Jacob Brown, (known as "By

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Jolly.") He was a very early riser, but Lucinda, his wife, did not relish early rising, preferring sleep. When "By Jolly" used to call out, "Lucinda, do get up," she would answer, "Brown, I shall get up when I get ready," and Brown would answer, "I dare say you will." Brown was subject to fits of depression. One morning he got up at three o'clock and said "Lucinda, I've got a rope and I'm going to the barn to hang myself." Lucinda replied, "Brown, if you want any help, call on me," then turned over in her bed and took another nap, having heard this threat so often that it made no impression upon her.

The next house and farm was Thomas Carpenter's, and out in the lot north was a house once occupied by Bailey. This house has disappeared.

To the north, down the road towards Pownal, now discontinued, lived Asa Russell, who had two beautiful black-eyed daughters. One of them became the wife of Sanford Blackinton, and was the mother of William Blackinton and his sister, Mrs. Pomeroy. The other married John Mills of South Williamstown, and in her widowhood lived with her two daughters in a little house on Main Street, east of The Greylock, owned by the Bullock estate. Though he lived over the line in Pownal the family attended church in Williamstown. Further up on the hill was the house and farm of Emory Chamberlin, who had

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a large family. The girls were bright and handsome. The eldest, Mary, taught the Buxton school in my boyhood days. She was a beautiful girl, was greatly admired by Judge Bulkley in his young days, but she married his cousin, A. Bulkley, went west and died young. After Chamberlin moved into the village some of the younger girls of the family, with their brothers, used to carry on the farm on the hill, and we young people used to have a jolly time at their hill home. A little further on lived Ralph Chamberlin, brother of Emory. He had a large family, who were scattered after his death. Just west of this house stands the oldest school-house in town, and it is the only old original school-house now standing, the exterior of which has never been changed. My elder brothers used to attend school in this little house when boys, there being no school-house in Buxton then. Anthony Sanders taught school in this house some seventy-four years ago, when he first came from Rhode Island.

At the foot of West Mountain is an old cellar hole where in my day stood an old house which was said to have been occupied in the early period of the settlement of that part of the town by old Mr. Marks. As you journey on down the west road to the Pownal line, you find a house on the east side of the road which was many years ago occupied by old Mr. Bixby, who had a family of two sons and two

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daughters. The daughters married graduates of the college and are both dead. Warren Bixby of North Adams is one of the sons.

On the opposite side of the highway lived Samuel Tyler, having a family of one son and five daughters, all pretty, bright, accomplished girls. The eldest married B. F. Mather, and became the mother of many bright children. The next daughter, Jannie, married S. Safford of Philadelphia, who died a few years after their marriage, and left her with two little boys. She was in my family much, being a very intimate friend of my wife, Anna, and I saw much of her. She was very handsome, and I think she had the most beautiful and unselfish character of any woman I ever knew. One of her sons died in early manhood ; the other is Arthur Safford of Adams.

Eli Tyler, the brother of Samuel, lived a little north of his brother on a small farm. He was a feeble man, raised a large family and died in the old home. The family are all dead, and the house is gone. Journey west and we come to Moon Hollow, where lived old Jacob Moon, from whom all the Williamstown Moons descended. In this neighborhood was the preaching parish of Ebenezer Pratt, father of the orator, Bill Pratt, when he first came to town. In one of his sermons he announced to his hearers that they would find his text in the " Twoth verse of the twoth chapter of Regular Frastees," and at the close of the meeting

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he gave out notice that "there would be a meeting in that place one week from that night if the Lord was willing, and in two weeks whither or no." Most of the people of the Northwest hill were regular church-goers, and the string of wagons coming down the hill Sunday morning resembled a Catholic funeral procession in length.

On my father's mountain farm was a house occupied at one time by Hiram Richards. His wife and mother had a tea-party of the women of the neighborhood, but did not invite Hiram to take tea with them. Hiram sat in the other room, moody and cross at the slight to him, and coming to the conclusion that there was no help for him, with a loud voice said: "I wish the Almighty would come into that room and split that table from rim to rim, so there by——!"

Further up on the very top of the mountain, just on the Massachusetts line, lived old Mr. Bailey, who had one son named Tyler Bailey, who cultivated all the land he wished on the Van Rensselaer patent without money or price. Further south, on the same ridge many years ago lived to a good old age, James Smith, claiming all the mountain top, but died owning none. All these houses are gone and nothing but the holes in the earth and a few stones remain to show the chance traveller where they stood.

CHAPTER IV.

A FARMER WHO ATTENDED SCHOOL, WENT INTO BUSINESS AND GOT RICH—WHAT HE TOLD HIS BOYS WHEN THEY HUNTED FOR HIS POTS OF GOLD—HOW LIQUOR WAS OBTAINED FROM A TEMPERANCE STORE-KEEPER—A MEMORABLE QUILTING PARTY.

Further west towards Petersburg Mountain, William B. Sherman, a man of strong will and good mind, located on what is known as the "red house" farm, living in a log house with his wife under the hill south of the present house. He attended school in the winter season, where he learned to read, write and figure, cultivating his farm in pleasant weather and making baskets rainy days. He built the red house now occupied by Newel Torrey. Soon afterward he moved into the village and went into mercantile business and made much money, which he invested in real estate. He became a large land owner and a man of much wealth, but most of his sons became dissipated, worthless men. He had a farm for every son, and put his sons on them, but they made poor farmers. In their younger days the old man discovered his sons digging in his garden. He asked them what they were after and they said, "We are trying to find your pots of buried gold." "Good God,

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boys," he said, " keep digging about eight inches deep all your lives and you will find them," but they did not follow his advice, and never found any gold. In his change of business he accumulated wealth, to the detriment of most of his sons.

The first person I remember occupying the place was Thomas Stewart, who married the daughter of Solomon Prindle. He died there, and after his death his family was scattered. Asa Russell occupied it afterward with his large family, and Ray Jones lived there.

The next house up through the woods was occupied by Sackney Smedley. Then comes the house now owned by Dennis Donahue. In my young days it was owned by the Whitmans, and occupied by Elijah Lamb. Samuel Fowler, a young man of genius and wit, worked for him. The Whitmans in the early days of trade sold liquor, but when the temperance question began to be agitated they stopped. The question being discussed on the hill, Sam bet Lamb a dollar he could get some liquor at the store. He mounted a horse with a jug and started him on the run, throwing off his coat, vest and hat on the way, and brought up before the store in his shirt sleeves and hatless, and wanted some liquor quick, saying, "Lamb has got injured." They got him the liquor, he took a drink, bid them good day and started for the hill, having won the bet and got a drink.

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The Whitmans sold this farm to Albert Williams, whose wife was the daughter of David Foster. In my youth, when the Williamstown Academy was flourishing, many of the young people attended, Williams' daughter among them. She invited the girls of the school to come up to her home to a quilting a certain afternoon, and the girls invited the boys to accompany them. We all concluded to cut school and go. Waterman had a horse and buggy for the use of himself and sister between school and their Bee Hill home, and John took into his buggy three girls and started for the quilting. The rest of the girls and boys marched to Birch Hill. I, with James Hosford, went across lots to avoid going by my house. When we reached the house we found all the neighbors there quilting. The daughter had not told her mother she had invited the girls to come up. We took possession of the upper room and made things lively. When our girls got a chance to do service on the quilt the boys continued their circus in the upper room. James W. walked like Aaron Ballou and looked for the eagle. Mrs. Williams would come up when we became too noisy and box our ears. The girls were treated to supper, but the boys were turned away empty, which served them right, as they were not invited and had no business there. About dusk we commenced our journey homeward. Waterman, Hosford and myself had each a jolly girl for company,

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and we had a pleasant, never-to-be-forgotten stroll home with them. Many times I have thought of that truant excursion. The three young (now old) men are still alive. The girls were all married in time, but none of them to these men.

North of this house and in the lot lived Orin Welch with a large family, some of whom would most always be sick in the winter and the young folks of the district would have to go up and watch with them. Sanders and I were called one cold winter night to watch with one of the sick boys. We took with us a lunch, doughnuts and mince pie, and left them out-doors, as the boy was sick with consumption and there was a bed-ridden daughter in the room of the watchers. All the family would sit up till midnight. The old woman took snuff, walked the floor, drew the snuff across her upper lip, which had some length of beard, and murmured : " Elijah sick, Maria is bed-ridden and Orin expects to be confined in February." It was a bitter cold night, the wind howled and the snow flew around the house. We found our lunch frozen and buried in the snow when we went for it and were under the necessity of fasting till morning.

Further on was a house known as the Porter place, now owned by Dennis Donahue. Further west was a house and sixty-acre lot owned and occupied by Bovee, and to this day it is known as the

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Bovee lot. Mrs. Bovee was an ardent, excitable Methodist. They used to hold meetings at her house, when she would get so wrought up she would kiss the brethren and pronounce them holy kisses, which confirmed old Squire Bartlett's opinion. After attending a meeting in the hall over Sherman's store some years ago, when Skeels McMaster hopped around the room on hands and knees talking to the Lord, being asked what he thought about it said, "They were a great deal like buckwheat cakes, best when warm." Mrs. Bovee so infatuated one of the brethren with those kisses that he eloped with her. All three of these last mentioned houses are gone. All were occupied in the olden times by tillers of the soil.

Further up the Petersburg road lived John and Solomon Prindle. Many years ago they sold their farm and started west with ox teams, before the age of railroads. Becoming homesick for the hills of Berkshire, the old farm and the young orchard they had planted there, they returned and purchased the old place back and lived there the remainder of their lives and partook of the fruits of the orchard they planted. Many of the descendants of John live here. The old house burned down some years ago and has been lately replaced by a new one by George Brookman, who owns the place.

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HIRED MAN—PRINCE JACKSON'S HAPPY LIFE—FARM CROPS THE PRINCIPAL MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE—FEW MONEY LENDERS IN THOSE DAYS—SOCIAL EQUALITY—HUSKING AND PARING BEES—SPELLING CONTESTS.

There lived at one time in my father's house on the hill, Johnson Holmes, who had two dogs, which were my boyish admiration. I would go up the hill as far as the house and sit on a stump and send the dogs after the cows, and they would bring them down to me, which was a great saving of footwear. Holmes died many years ago, but his wife, Phebe, lived to a good old age, and spent her latter days in an old house which stood on land owned now by Dr. John H. Denison, near where his coachman's house now stands. William Hurley, a tall, spare man, lived in one of the houses on the mountain, and after a hard day's work would help milk the cows, eat supper, and about eight o'clock in the evening would take half a bushel of meal on his back and start for his mountain home, and would be back by six o'clock the next morning ready for work.

Prince Jackson, who was a freed New York State slave, occupied for many years with his wife, Electa, the house on the hill side in Flora's Glen, raised his

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corn and potatoes and other vegetables, fattened his pig, drank the purest spring water that gushed out of the hill-side, and New England rum flavored with lemon peel, and lived to the good old age of over eighty years. They used to have darkey dances and enjoyed life to its fullest extent. To listen to the old darkey's laugh was a joy forever.

The farmers in those early days had to build houses on their land for the laborers. My father had six on his land, two on his West Mountain land, two on the hill of the home farm, one where the barn now stands, and one on the sunny side of Flora's Glen, in those days called Malady Hollow, named for an old Scotchman who lived at the head of the Glen. He also had two houses on Main Street. The occupants had their field of corn and potatoes, kept a cow, fattened a pig, had pasture for cow, and were daily laborers on the farm. Their wages were fifty cents per day in planting and hoeing, seventy-five in haying. Many of them had large families, with plenty to eat and drink and clothe them with. Good water came out of the hills to quench their thirst. Cider was nearly as free, and New England rum twenty-five cents per gallon, still the drunkards were few in those days. Corn fifty cents and potatoes twelve cents per bushel.

It took many laborers to carry on a large farm then, as there was not any machinery to lighten

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labor. The farmers planted and sowed extensively, corn, potatoes, oats, rye, flax and wheat sufficient for their own use. Extensive flouring mills were minus, and they had to depend upon the home grist-mill to grind the wheat, and the flour was not "Process" or "Pillsbury" but was the best we could get, and had a good taste and we throve on it. The land of the hills and valleys was rich and productive. My father used to raise some thousand bushels of corn and the same of oats and potatoes for years. Three hundred bushels of potatoes per acre was a small yield; we took the surplus by the cartload to the starch factory of Stephen Hosford, located a little below Bullock Pond.

In early autumn, cloudy days not being favorable for haying, the boys and hired men were put into the flax field pulling flax, which was discouraging and back-breaking work for the boys. The flax was bound and taken to the barn and the seed beaten out. It had to be spread on the new mown fields to rot, ready for the flax brake in the fall, then swingled to separate the schives from the flax, then hatchedled to separate the tow from the flax, and make it ready for the little flax wheel on which it was spun ready for the loom, to be woven into sheets and towelling, and the tow into cloth for boys' pants for summer wear, which was strong and lasting, but rather annoying to the flesh for some days when new,

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as drawers were then unknown. There was no time during the year that my father did not have a hundred bushels of corn in his crib, and when corn was wanted in the village they came up and supplied their wants, and Buxton was called Egypt by the dwellers in the village. There was but little money in circulation in those days, not any bank or bank-accounts to draw from, and grain and other produce from the farm was the only exchange with merchants for goods. The merchants obtained their goods from New York, coming by boat up the Hudson River to Troy, and they were carted from there. They used to employ the farmers to transport their goods from there, which gave them a chance to get a look at the city and the country outside of their town and pay some of their indebtedness to the merchant.

The Whitmans were the early merchants of the town and they had a large trade from the surrounding country, Pownal, Stamford, Adams, etc., and became wealthy as wealth was reckoned in those days. The old store they traded in was connected with their dwelling, and now forms a part of Mrs. Truman Cole's house. About the only money lenders were Ambrose Hall, who built and occupied the George Mills house in South Williamstown, and Henry Shaw of Lanesboro. My father used to obtain money from them to pay for his land purchases. The money was in specie. I heard my

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father say Hall had it sent to him from New York in silver dollars packed edgewise in a half barrel. Not any millionaires. The people were more equal in this world's goods and socially, and had a good time. Social life among the young was more on an equality than now. The gatherings were few except in the autumn and winter, when huskings, apple paring bees and spelling school contests were numerous. We went from house to house with our paring machines and needles, pared, quartered, cored and strung apples the fore-part of the evening, then partook of a feast of pumpkin-pie and cheese, with sweet cider for a beverage, after which we played "Come, Phelander, let's be a marching," and "Oats, peas, beans and barley grow," then salute the girls and they would return the compliment. We would break up about midnight and commence our homeward march with some nice little girl in a close fitting red hood on one arm.

But the spelling contests were our delight. In the winter evenings we went from district to district, storing away the scholars in a long box sleigh well furnished with straw. Thus we went over the hills and a great way off to conquer the neighboring schools. I had a little sister about ten years old who would spell down the oldest and largest of the scholars, and I took her under my care with us, and we came off victorious every time. I remember

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going one evening when in my teens to the center district. The old long school-house stood a little south of the old white church on the hill between Dr. H. L. Sabin's and Mrs. Benjamin's places. Old Mr. Boardman purchased it and Dr. Sabin traded with him and gave him a plot of land near where Moses Noel's house stands. It was sold by Dr. Sabin's heirs to L. E. Noyes, and moved west of the road and remodeled by him into a tenement house. I was selected as a leader of one of the sides to choose the contestants for that side, and, of course, my first choice was the girl I wished to sit beside me, and I think I must have been whispering to her or had my thoughts occupied with the question of seeing that young lady home when the teacher put out a word for me to spell and not getting the correct sound of the word I spelled "courtship," which raised a great laugh on me, in which the teacher joined, but excused me under the circumstances. But the fun of the thing was the word had no sound like the one I spelled. After the close of the school I saw the girl home, and she didn't upbraid me for spelling the wrong word.

Dancing was not popular in those days in Williamstown, very few knew the steps and they were an awkward set of young people, and there being a large class of young men and girls, we conceived the idea of getting up a dancing school for our

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improvement. Col. William Waterman kept the old tavern at the lower part of the village, and a committee of young men called on the colonel and made arrangements for a hall for the school, and we had a school of twenty-five couples, which was taught by William Hodskins of North Adams. The young people came from the hills and valleys and we had a good social time, learned to dance and appear at our ease. The school was so well conducted that dancing became quite popular and they had another school the following winter, attended by some of the scholars of the former school and many new ones, and the community became satisfied that the school was a good thing and dancing a harmless recreation. Some five matches were made in the school and culminated in happy marriages.

In my very young days I was not permitted to go into the village except Sunday to church, to commencement and to mill. Commencement day of the college was a great day then. It took place in August, and there was great strife among the farmers to finish haying before that day so as to be ready to attend. It was a great day for the boys. All the space back of the old white meeting-house on the hill, down the slope west, was covered with wagons and tents, and was swarming with people from the hills and valleys and neighboring towns. For twenty-five cents, which was about the extent of my

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funds, I could purchase ginger-bread, sweet cider and other eatables sufficient for a stomach-ache for two days.

The strict surveillance of the parents over the country boys seemed rather hard, and made them appear rather verdant when they came out, but on looking back over the lives of others I find they were the boys who made men that distanced the village boys. They came up with better constitutions and better habits.

In 1836 Anthony Sanders purchased the Hoxsey farm, which brought a large family of young people to our immediate neighborhood, and a strong friendship sprung up between the two families, which has been lasting. The oldest son was about my age. We fitted for college together, entered the same class and were chums for two years in college, and for four years we traveled the Buxton road together, and when we graduated Sanders studied for the ministry and went as a missionary to Ceylon. In 1866 he returned to this country with five boys. One I took when eight years old, put him through college and the seminary, and in 1880 he was sent out by the Board as one of the pioneer missionaries of the western African field.

CHAPTER VI.

**SOMETHING IN THE LINE OF GENEALOGY—THE
DANFORTH FAMILY OLD AND HONORED—FOUNDED
IN THIS COUNTRY IN 1634—INTERESTING FRAG-
MENTS OF THE FAMILY HISTORY—IMPORTANT
POSITIONS HELD BY VARIOUS MEMBERS—SOME
PREACHED AND OTHERS PRACTISED.**

There is no greater refreshment of the mind, wearied with the noise and worry of the present, than to be carried out from itself into the far away past, and to be able to realize the daily life, participate in the joys and sorrows, and revel in the quaint memories of remote ancestors with a zest proportioned to the dissimilarity of the men and women and the customs and fashions of to-day. Therefore, I do not think it out of place, but rather due to the parents and children who occupied that quaint old house described in the first article of my boyhood reminiscences, to devote some few articles to portraying the lives and characters of them and their ancestors.

My father, Keyes Danforth, was a son of Jonathan Danforth, who was born in Billerica, Mass., June 14, 1736, of the fourth generation from Nicholas Danforth, who came to this country from Framlingham, England, in 1634, with three sons and three daughters between the ages of six and sixteen, (his

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wife having died in England in 1629) and settled in New Towne, now Cambridge, Mass. Nicholas died in April, 1638, only about three years and a half after his arrival. But that time had been actively and usefully filled. When the father laid down his work it was not to be abandoned or neglected. We can well understand that by precept and example he had taught watchfulness and energy to his children. Certain it is that they possessed these qualities.

Of course, care of the household devolved largely upon Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, then in her twentieth year, and her sister Anna, two years younger. But the death of their mother nine years before had long ago made useful their services in the family; and doubtless their training had developed their talents in that direction. And, though in a strange land, they were not among strangers. In eighteen months Elizabeth married Andrew Belcher. Five years later her sister married Matthew Bridge. Her brother Thomas married the same year, and her younger sister, Lydia, married to William Beaman of Saybrook, Conn., one year earlier, in her nineteenth year, had gone there and that was thenceforth her home. There she died at the age of sixty-two. Her name appears as grantee of land bought from Joshua, son of Uncas, an Indian Sachem.

Jonathan, the youngest of the family, was now sixteen years old, a vigorous, active youth, soon to

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be the pioneer of new settlements and the surveyor of farms, of townships, and of more extended tracts far and near. He was able to take care of himself. His brother Samuel, two years older, was now pursuing his studies in Harvard College.

The Belchers, descendants from Elizabeth Danforth, were staunch loyalists, one of whom was a wealthy and liberal merchant of Boston, who held many offices of trust. One was a Royal Governor, first of Massachusetts and afterwards of New Jersey. Another, of the next generation, was Lieutenant Governor and Chief Justice of Nova Scotia. Another of her descendants was Sampson S. Blower, who was associated with John Adams and Josiah Quincy as counsel for the British soldiers, indicted for murder in the Boston massacre. He was afterwards Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, and reached the great age of one hundred years and seven months.

From these married daughters were descended the Ellerys, Danas, and the Channings, renowned doctors of divinity and medicine, of whom it was said that one preached and the other practised; the Greens, renowned as printers for several generations, (the eldest of whom printed Elliott's Indian Bible of Harvard College, and who in their work were associated with Judge Samuel Danforth of Cambridge, Mather Byles in Boston, and Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia.) The Bradstreets, Lyndes, Byfields,

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Russells, Fitches and the Garfields, from the latter of whom descended our martyr president, were also among their descendants.

Thomas Danforth, the eldest son of Nicholas, was a man of much ability. That he possessed the respect of his contemporaries is shown by the many offices to which he was called. That he was a man of energy, of decision, sound judgment and tact is proved by the success with which those trusts were fulfilled. In 1643, at twenty-one years of age, he was admitted freeman, and that year he was married. In 1650 he was treasurer of Harvard College, which office he held for nineteen years, and the historian of the college pays high tribute to his fidelity and good judgment, acknowledging also a valuable gift in his will of lands in Framingham, where at one time he had several thousand acres. For two terms he was deputy (representative) to the General Court, and in 1659 he was chosen one of the assistant councilors of the executive, to which office he was annually elected for twenty years. Then in 1679 until the dissolution of the colonial government in 1686, he was deputy governor, associated with the venerable Governor Bradstreet.

But, though Danforth was only deputy in name, he really exerted the influence belonging to the higher office. During the same period of seven years he held the responsible and difficult position of

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president of Maine, which had become a province subordinate to Massachusetts. Thither he went in March, 1680, invested with full powers and proclaimed his authority to the assembled freeholders at York, exhibited his commission and established his government.

In the troublous times which preceded the subversion of the charter, Danforth stood forward as the unflinching advocate of the rights of the people. His zeal was rewarded by exclusion from office during the brief administration of Dudley, and the subsequent usurpation by the despotic Andreas. But when the people, impatient of restraint and emboldened by the news of the revolution, were ready to rebel, Danforth seized the opportunity, wrote and sent a despatch to Gov. Andreas, who had retreated to his fort on Fort Hill, saying that he could no longer restrain the people and demanding surrender. The frightened governor, like Mark Scott's coon, came down at once and was by Danforth and his associates marched down King Street, and sent thence to the castle in the harbor, a prisoner.

Danforth and his colleagues were escorted up King Street to the old Court House at its head, and there resumed the official functions from which they had been arbitrarily expelled.

During more than thirty years he was recorder of Middlesex county, and during part of the time its

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treasurer ; from 1662 to 1679 he was commissioner from Massachusetts to the New England confederacy, which negotiated treaties with the Indians, and from 1690 to 1692 he was Lieutenant Governor of New Hampshire. In 1692 he was chosen Associate Justice of the superior court of Massachusetts, which office he held at the time of his death in 1699. His wife was Mary, daughter of Henry Withington of Dorchester, by whom he had twelve children. His sons died in his lifetime.

Samuel, the second son of Nicholas, in his childhood was dedicated to the ministry and seemed to take kindly to his destiny. He entered Harvard College, and graduated in 1643, being a member of the second class which received the honors of that youthful institution. He served as tutor in the college five years, and in the meantime pursued his studies in divinity. In 1650 he was ordained colleague to John Elliot, pastor of the First Church of Roxbury, whose labors for the red man occupied much of his time. Danforth's wife was the daughter of the famous Mr. Wilson, the first pastor of the Old Church in Boston, and their family consisted of twelve children.

In the church records, under date of November 9, 1674, Elliot writes : " Our reverend pastor, Samuel Danforth, sweetly rests from his labors." His funeral " was attended with great influence," and his remains were laid in Governor Dudley's tomb.

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The youngest son, Jonathan, was one of the first settlers of Billerica, being then in the twenty-fifth year of his age. In the concise words of the historian of the town, "In view of his long life and many and varied services he might be recognized as the father of the town." His skill as a surveyor gave him employment far and wide. For years he probably surveyed every land grant in Billerica. His descriptions fill two hundred pages in his own very clear and handsome handwriting in the volume of land grants. "Many of his plates are preserved in the state archives," and his surveys extended into the state of New Hampshire. His marriage was first on record, though it seemed to have taken place in Boston, as it is recorded there. He was town clerk in 1665 and 1666, and was selectman and representative. His energy and wisdom made his counsel of value, and his piety shone. He was the life-long and trusted friend of his pastor, Mr. Whiting, who survived him but five months. The house which Danforth built and in which he lived and died, is disappearing as we write, (March, 1880,) to give place to a new one, a good picture of which is presented in the history of Billerica. He was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth Poulter, daughter of John and Mary, born in Raleigh, Essex County, England, September 1, 1633. Danforth died September 7, 1712.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ABOUT ANCESTORS—THE DANFORTH FAMILY CAME TO WILLIAMSTOWN IN 1775—JOSHUA, THE FIRST POSTMASTER OF PITTSFIELD, WAS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT WASHINGTON IN 1794.

My grandfather, Jonathan Danforth, went from Billerica to Western, now Warren, Worcester County, when a young man, settled there and married Lydia Read. Their children were five, two sons and three daughters, viz., Joshua, Jonathan, Dorothy, Lydia and Hannah. After the death of his first wife he married Miriam Cowee of Western. In 1775 he moved with his family to Williamstown, except his eldest son, Joshua, who was in the army, where he remained until the close of the war of the American Revolution. My grandfather served as a minute man at the battle of Bunker Hill with his two sons, Joshua, aged sixteen, and Jonathan, aged fourteen. The children of his second marriage were Cowee, Keyes, William and Clarissa, all born in Williamstown. The first real estate purchased by him, which he occupied, was house lots Nos. 18, 20, 22, 24, and 26, also fifteen acres in the rear of the house lots Nos. 28 and 30. This land he purchased of Benjamin Simonds by deed dated April, 1787, which real

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estate was purchased by my father, Keyes Danforth, after the death of his father, Jonathan, of the executor and is now owned by the writer. The next real estate he purchased of David Noble by deed dated December, 1800, consisting of 150 acres, on which was located the old house described in the first chapter. My grandfather died in 1802, and my father, Keyes Danforth, bought the interest of the legatees to that property and lived there till he built the house on the north side of Main Street, where he lived the remainder of his life. After his death in 1851, I purchased the farm on the south side of the street, where stood the old house in which I was born, and if farming had been my business I would have kept it. Hoping to keep it in the family name, I sold it in 1856 to my cousin, William Danforth, but he, getting tired of farming, sold it in 1863 to Henry Goodrich, and it is now owned by Vandike Brown of New York, who intends to build next year a fine summer home for himself on the site of the old house of my boyhood. In 1868 I purchased of my brothers and sister the home farm on the north side of Main Street, which I have occupied since 1851.

Joshua Danforth, eldest son of Jonathan, during the Revolutionary War, was located on the Hudson River near West Point. He was a lieutenant and at one time was judge advocate in the army. He

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kept a diary which I once had in my possession, and which is now in the hands and keeping of his granddaughter, Mrs. Field of Minneapolis, Minn., in which we find often written by him : " Went over the river last evening to a dance, met Mrs. and Miss So and So and had a good time." One day he wrote as follows : " I am twenty-one years old to-day, and went over the river in the evening to a dance, had a good time," from which I would infer, though in the midst of war, they danced and had a good time. At the close of the war he visited his parental home in Williamstown, settled in Pittsfield, married a daughter of David Noble of Williamstown, held many offices of trust and filled them well ; was appointed postmaster of Pittsfield by President Washington in 1794, the year the office was established. 'This office he held at the time of his death, January 30, 1837, being the oldest postmaster in term of service in the country. He left a large family of grown-up children, all now dead. His youngest daughter, Frances, died last year in Minneapolis, leaving children and grandchildren.

Jonathan, brother of Joshua, married a daughter of David Johnson of Williamstown, settled in St. Albans, Vt., and lived and died there. The wife of the late Judge and ex-Senator Poland of Vermont was a granddaughter of Jonathan.

Dorothy married Ebenezer Billings of Cambridge,

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N. Y. Their children were three, one son and two daughters. Danforth Billings, the son, a very talented young man, died when in the seminary preparing for the ministry. I heard my father speak of him as one of nature's noblemen, his manners were so perfect. One of the daughters married Thomas Rice. Their children were two daughters and one son. The youngest daughter, Sophia, married Mr. Hubbard of Cambridge, and died young, leaving one child, who survived the mother but a few years. Mr. Hubbard after the death of Sophia married the eldest daughter, Mary. He was a very active, energetic man, accumulating much property in his lifetime. He was president of the bank at the time of his death, and left his widow with much property to care for. Mrs. Hubbard still lives in and owns her father's homestead. She is an energetic woman of much wealth, owning extensive real estate out west. In my young college days I used often in my vacation to drive up to Cambridge and spend a few days with the family. The other Billings daughter married Mr. Watkins. Some of their children live in Cambridge.

Lydia Danforth married a Mr. Woodward and lived in the state of New York. The mother of the late Vice-President Wheeler was descended from this daughter. Hannah, the youngest daughter, died young in Williamstown.

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Cowee Danforth, the eldest son of the second wife of Jonathan, married Clarissa, daughter of Colonel Tyler of Williamstown, who lived in a large two story house north of the Jerome house, which was occupied by Cowee Danforth after Tyler's death. The old house is now gone. In former years it was known as the Wolcott place. The new house which Dr. Charles A. Stoddard of New York built last autumn is located on land formerly owned by his great-grandfather, and is a short distance south-west of the old Wolcott house, which has disappeared.

William Danforth, the youngest son of Jonathan, married Miss Noble of Pownal, Vt., and settled in Sodus, Wayne County, N. Y., where he had a large farm. They had a family of two sons and some three or four daughters. One of the sons married, and most of the daughters, but they had no children. I heard him say that "He would rather catch a grandchild than a fox," which fully explained his great desire for a grandchild, as he was a great hunter. These parents died many years ago. The children are dead and the family is extinct.

Clarissa, the youngest daughter of Jonathan, married John Hickox, who built the house and occupied the farm on Bee Hill which John F. Prindle now owns and which he traded with Col. William Waterman for the old Mansion House property, which property then comprised the land north where

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Prof. Hewitt's and Mrs. Huntton's homes are built, Dr. Bascom's and Mrs. Tenney's property Park Street, and the land now west of Park Street, north of the Whitman and Mather lots, which is now a very valuable property. At that time it was valued at some \$5,000. He moved into the old Mansion House and kept a public house, which wasn't his calling, and he failed and moved to Stafford, N. Y., where these parents died. Their eldest son, Robinson, settled in Syracuse, N. Y., and lived and died there. Two of the daughters married Huxley brothers. One of these brothers graduated at Williams College, and was a minister. He died in the state of Wisconsin, where some of his children live. The other Huxley brother lived on the Huxley homestead in New Marlboro, Mass. I presume some of the children live there now. One of the Hickox daughters married Mr. Hodges of Vermont, who went west many years ago, taking along a large flock of sheep, and went into the sheep husbandry. On their wedding tour they came to my father's house. I have heard nothing about them for years. The rest of the family are scattered through the west and some are in California. The girls were fine looking and became too proud to live on Bee Hill farm, and persuaded their parents to move to the village, and by this move they lost their property.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD TIMES AND MODERN TIMES COMPARED—CHARACTERISTICS OF KEYES DANFORTH, BORN IN 1778—A PACK OF DOGS AND THEIR "HEAVENLY MUSIC"—THE HUNTER AND THE MINISTER—WHY ONE BOY GREW LARGER THAN HIS BROTHERS.

When we compare our own days, with the hurry of life, the restless, self-conscious activity which is characteristic of it, with the deliberate pace, the quiet and speculative temper of mind, the dignity, and, not least, the reticence which belonged to an earlier generation, by which ours sometimes seems to have been disinherited, even to realize the atmosphere of that day, to appropriate it, if only for a moment, confers upon us a welcome sense of leisure and repose.

In the reminiscences of my boyhood I have endeavored to portray the primitive lives and manners of the people of those early days as I experienced them and as they came down to me from those who were old when I was a boy. My last article was a partial sketch of my grandfather and a large part of his family. The writer's father, Keyes Danforth, was born in Williamstown in 1778, during the Revolution, in the house erected by Col. Benjamin Simonds on house lot No. 3, in which Simonds lived and

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which he kept open as a public house, and in which the late Dr. H. L. Sabin lived many years the latter part of his life. Within a few years it has been moved by his son, N. H. Sabin, to the extreme west end of Glen Avenue to make room for his beautiful residence erected near the site of the old house. Some few years later my grandfather built and lived in a small one-story house on house lot No. 30, on the brink of the hill back from Main Street, near a spring which gushed out of the hill a few feet below. The cellar hole is now visible but a few feet east of the writer's barn. When he purchased the farm across the street in 1800 and moved there, this old house was moved out near the street and stood a few rods east of my farm house, and was occupied by my uncle Cowee in my early days and was always called the Cowee house thereafter. After my father's death I moved the old house back by the shed for a tool and hen house, and some few years later added another story, and there it stands a shelter for the chickens. For some six years after my father built the house I now occupy, on house lot No. 30, we obtained all the water used at the house from the same spring under the hill until I, a boy, organized a company from the hired men on the place and dug a well, striking a vein of water which fed the spring, which is to this day a well of living water good for man and beast.

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Keyes Danforth was the second son of Jonathan by his second wife Miriam Cowee, who was of Scotch-Irish descent. He was of stalwart form, and developed into a man of strong mind and will, guided by good common sense. The late Governor Briggs once said to the writer that he had one of the best legal minds he had ever come in contact with, and if he had been educated to the law he would have made a very able lawyer. He was often called into cases of arbitration, and the governor had tried cases before him and had managed legal suits for him, and he found the cases were prepared for him by a logical and legal mind. He should have been educated and taken the profession of the law, but in his younger days he was, I presume, too fond of fun and frolic, as many young men were, to become a student, and lived to regret his misspent hours, till they were too far advanced and he was incumbered with a family. He was well read in statute law and was the poor man's lawyer, to whom they came for advice and aid to relieve them from a tight place. He was very shrewd and had great tact, and was a born leader. He was a strong democrat, and was democratic; he loved the common people and was their friend. As some eminent divine said, "God must love the common people for he has so many more of them." He was a genial companion, fond of a joke, and had a great fund of stories and

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regaled the company with them well embellished. A man who worked for him for years used to say he had but one desire to live to an old age and that was "That he might tell his children what he did when young." He was fond of hunting, and in those early days the wooded mountains were full of game, large and small. He had some eight or ten dogs—fox hounds, coon hunters, squirrel dogs and gray hounds. When he obtained a young dog he trained him for coons by fastening a coon's foot to a stick, and starting me, a boy, to track it on the ground out into the orchard and hang it up in the tree, and he would start the puppy on the track and tree the foot.

Old Mr. Solomon, who lived in the north part of the town, though older than Danforth, used often to be his companion on his hunting excursions. About him still linger in these latter days many quaint sayings. The baying of dogs after a fox was great music for Solomon. One Sunday morning his dogs started a fox on the hills and were after him with vigor when, stepping to his door he called out to a man who was stopping with him and said to him: "Hark and hear that heavenly music, don't you hear it?" "No," was the answer, "those d——d dogs make such a yelping I can't hear it."

This same Solomon went one morning to Stone Hill hunting, where he had been many a time before. It being a foggy morning, and his dogs failing to

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start a fox he concluded to go home. Getting bewildered in the fog, he went in the opposite direction and found himself down on the river road to South Williamstown. He said he was "so d——d mad he didn't know his own name." Another story current about him in his hunting expeditions: His dogs ran a fox into a hollow tree, and, hearing some one chopping not far distant, he applied to him for the loan of his ax. The man said "Yes," but kept on chopping. Getting somewhat impatient at the man's delay, he asked him his name, and the man replied that his name was Swift, the minister of the parish. "The devil you are, but you are devilish slow about letting me have that ax," said Solomon. Swift said to him, "You wouldn't cut down a tree for a fox." "Yes, d——n it," replied Solomon, "I would cut down a meeting-house for a fox."

Dr. Emmons liked to hunt and used to go hunting with my father often. The doctor married a daughter of old Mr. Cone, a quiet, eccentric man who was fond of telling stories, which were harmless, as they were mostly about himself or his family. The doctor was somewhat careless, and didn't keep a man to drive him or care for his horse, and Cone used to say that when he cleaned out the stable in the spring he found a number of guns under the manure. Cone said his father's family consisted of five boys, all of them small but one, named Phineas.

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On being asked what made Phineas so much larger than the other brothers, he said when boys they used to eat bean porridge out of one large dish, all standing round the table. The other boys would keep the beans whirling, and Phineas, being left-handed, would come in the other way and catch the beans, which made him grow.

Danforth was a great admirer of fine horses, and I remember many beautiful horses he raised and owned. I see but few in these latter days which equal them in beauty of form. He had a Kentucky dam and an English blooded horse, from which was descended a race of very beautiful horses. I have known him to have some twenty horses and colts at one time, still most of the team work on the farm was done by oxen, of which he never had less than three yokes at a time. My father died in October, 1851. Very few now living remember him, even in his old age. I will close this article with the following taken from the history of Berkshire county :

"Keyes Danforth, son of Jonathan, was born at Williamstown in 1778. In early life he exhibited many characteristics of his father, bold and fearless in his nature, yet of a quiet and reserved disposition, never seeking a quarrel but ready and quick to resent an affront. Had he enjoyed the facilities for acquiring a classical education he would have made an able lawyer, for as he grew to manhood he developed

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great mental force and energy of character, but for lack of opportunity to acquire an education his field of usefulness was to a great extent limited. He worked on his father's farm and was sent to school during the winter months. He was a successful farmer, accumulated a fair competence, and in his day was considered a man of fair means. He was a born leader, and during his life was the recognized leader of the democratic party in his locality. Many incidents are related of him as showing the means by which his party attained success. Shortly before election day he would start out with his dog and gun, minus the lock, and sometimes without lock, stock or barrel. He never failed however to bag his game, the results of which were shown on election day. Though in appearance the game would compare favorably with Falstaff's recruits, yet the votes counted all the same. He was elected to the legislature in 1821, and for a number of years thereafter. He was for several years selectman and county commissioner, and during the greater part of his life he held other offices of trust. He was a man of good judgment and clear head, and was frequently called upon to arbitrate differences among his townsmen. He was a genial companion, fond of a joke, and very entertaining in company. Few men ever lived in this community who were better known or more highly respected."

CHAPTER IX.

**INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE DANFORTH FAMILY
—EAST MOUNTAIN LAND THAT WAS BOUGHT CHEAP
AND BECAME VALUABLE—PERSONAL CHARACTER-
ISTICS OF SOME OF THE BOYS—PUBLIC HONORS
THAT CAME TO THEM—TRICKS THAT GEORGE
PLAYED IN SCHOOL.**

In the last chapter I wrote of the father and some things which took place in those early times. The mother and the children who came out of that quaint old house, described in my first chapter, were reserved for future articles. Our dear mother, the angel of the household, who thought, planned and did for us! Her maiden name was Mary Bushnell, of Saybrook, Conn., and when ten years old her father moved to Pownal, Vt., where he had a brother living. In 1800 she was married to Keyes Danforth. Life may hold many a love, but only one mother. Her heart was warm and full, and her temper was sweet and equitable and always kind. She had much wit and was strong in humor. She was slight in her young days and very beautiful, and she carried youth to a good old age, dying in January, 1867, in her eighty-third year. From this union there were eight children, viz: Charles, Bushnell, George, Mary, Hannah, Harriet, Keyes and Helen Augusta.

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The eldest son, Charles, was born in 1804. After spending his boyhood on his father's farm he fitted for and entered Williams College in 1822, having among his class-mates Prof. Albert Hopkins and Hon. William Hyde, late of Ware. When he left college he read law in his uncle Asgell Gibb's law office at Ovid, New York. After admission to the bar he settled in LeRoy, Genesee County, entering into law practice in partnership with Samuel Skinner, son of Benjamin Skinner of Williamstown, a graduate of Williams in the class of 1816, was Judge of the Supreme Court one term, was postmaster of LeRoy, and held other minor offices of trust. He married Charity Foster, eldest daughter of Daniel Foster of LeRoy, from which union were born a daughter and son, Helen and Roderick. The daughter married William C. Hart of Troy, New York, who died in Williamstown four years ago, leaving a widow and two children. Roderick married a Miss Ward of LeRoy, located in Cleveland, Ohio, and made much money in the manufacture of burning fluid; lost his fortune in St. Louis, moved to Washington, D. C., and died there, leaving four sons who are said to be fine young men. One of them is a physician in practice in Washington.

Charles, after the death of his wife, went to Washington to live and married a Virginia woman, dying in 1886. He left a widow and a son named Charles.

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Bushnell Danforth was born in 1806, and grew up a good looking, six-foot, stalwart young man with untiring energy and great zeal in everything in which he engaged. He was useful on the farm ; his father kept him at work and did not give him an opportunity to get a liberal education, which he should have had, as he was endowed with good natural talents, and with his push and ambition he would have made his mark in the world. He remained at home on the farm until he was twenty-six years old. When he left, his father gave him much land on the east mountain, which did not cost him much, as he and Nathan Putnam of Adams purchased 1,000 acres in Clarksburg in 1822 for \$200. In 1828 Danforth bought out Putnam, paying him \$200 for his half ; but when he gave it to Bushnell it was quite valuable. Bushnell sold much of the south part of the lot to the factory boys, so-called in those days, a company consisting of Sanford Blackinton, Wells & White, doing business those days in the village now called Blackinton. The balance he sold to Caleb Brown. It had by that time become quite valuable and he realized enough from the sale to furnish him with money enough to go west. He located in Mason, Ingham County, Mich. The county being new, he suffered much with the ague, which this new country was full of.

In 1836, he married Elizabeth Foster of Le Roy,

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New York. A short time after his marriage, he came to Williamstown on a visit with his bride. His old friend, John Bulkley, called on him one morning and they were talking over old times. The bride finally remarked, "Yes, Mr. Bulkley, Bush has told me all about those old times—he has told me everything." "God," said John, "you just let *me* tell a little while and see if he has."

When the capital of the state was moved to Lansing, he was a member of the state senate, and Gov. McClellan, who, by the way, was brother-in-law of our dear old Dr. H. L. Sabin, appointed him superintendent of the erection of the capital buildings, and he moved to Lansing, and purchasing a water privilege there erected flouring mills. In July, 1853, he consigned to me for sale 300 barrels of flour. He visited his old home that year, and, returning to his western home, died the next month at the age of forty-seven. He had a constitution which would have carried him to a good old age, but his ambition, imprudence and the Michigan ague climate in those early days cut short his life and took from us the best hearted of brothers. His was the first death in the family, following father's death. He left a widow with no children.

In 1890 the writer wrote to the clerk of the senate of Michigan to learn what year he was in the senate, and received from him the following letter :

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"Bushnell Danforth was state senator in 1847 and 1848. By act of the legislature in 1846 the seat of government was moved from Detroit to Lansing. In the volume of Michigan Biographies, published a short time ago, it is stated that Bushnell Danforth was the first past master of Masons, associate county judge in 1838 and 1842, and delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1850, the convention which framed our present constitution.

"By way of a little curiosity in names that may be interesting to you, there was a member of the house of representatives in 1875 in this state whose name was Danforth Keyes, the reverse of yours."

George was born in 1808, and was the fat boy and wag of the family. When a small boy the district school was kept in one of the rooms of the house now known as the Whelden house, and the master was a man by the name of Townsend, and all the children of the Buxton district attended. The old master was fond of cider. George used to cater to the old man's taste for that beverage, and any complaint made by George about any of the scholars was taken to be true by the master without investigation. Some one of the scholars would make a noise and the master would ask "Who's that?" and George would answer promptly, "It sounds like Ranslear," (Ran's Hoxie), and the master would apply the beech over Ranslear's head and shoulders. The late

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Judge Buckley, who was one of the scholars in attendance, told the writer that George would get many of the boys whipped during the day and escape himself, when he was the one who made most of the noise which others were chastized for. There must have been a vein of cruelty in him to get pain inflicted on others, and it is difficult to see where the fun came in. He entered Williams College in the class of 1831. At the close of sophomore year he was one of the prize speakers, and was awarded the first prize by the committee. One of his competitors was a son of a man connected with the college, and before the decision of the committee was made public they were persuaded to change and give the prize to the college man's son, and when it leaked out that he had been wronged, George was so angered that he left college, and commenced the study of law with his uncle Gibbs at Ovid, and was his partner after he was admitted to practice; but soon after he went to Ann Arbor, Mich., and practiced his profession there up to his death in 1864. He was very fleshy and was so jolly that every one commenced to laugh when they saw him coming. He married Mary Foster of LeRoy in 1834, (the three brothers married sisters,) was postmaster of Ann Arbor and member of the state senate in 1857. At his death, in 1864, he left a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters. The eldest

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son, George M., graduated at the University, Ann Arbor, studied law and commenced practice in Detroit, Mich. The eldest daughter, Mary, married Marshall Baxter, a graduate of the University, and settled in Chicago, Ill. This son and daughter are dead. Elizabeth, the other daughter, married Edward Jewett of Buffalo, N. Y., who was elected mayor of Buffalo last November. They have a son and daughter. Daniel F., the other son, is in business in Chicago.

CHAPTER X.

MORE ABOUT THE DANFORTH FAMILY—PERSONAL PECULIARITIES OF SOME OF ITS MEMBERS—SUCCESS AND PROMINENCE ACHIEVED BY THE SONS—THE DAUGHTERS MARRIED ABLE MEN—THE LATE DR. H. L. SABIN—COMING DOWN TO THE PRESENT DAY.

Mary, the eldest daughter of Keyes and Mary, inherited the mind of her father, was very industrious, but did not take kindly to domestic work; was saving, that she might give to others in need, was a frugal wife and just the helpmate for a man careless of his money matters. She used to say every one had to work sometime in their lives, and rejoiced that she did her work when young. She married Abram B. Olin in 1838, a graduate of Williams College in 1835, a tall, athletic young man, with large, piercing black eyes. He read law in Troy, N. Y., and commenced his law practice there, and became a learned and brilliant lawyer, having such men as Judge Buel, Job Pierson, David L. Seymour, Martin I. Townsend and other strong men as his competitors. He was elected a member of Congress from the Troy district four terms, and in his last term, during the war, was chairman of the military committee of the House. At the close of his congressional term he

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was appointed by President Lincoln Judge of the Supreme Court of Washington, D. C., in 1864, which position he held till a short time before his death in 1879, he having resigned his judgeship a short time before on account of ill health. He left Mary, a widow with no children. She died in 1893. Their burial place is in the little cemetery lot on the hill of the old home farm in Williamstown.

Hannah, the next daughter, was tall and stately, resembled her brother Bushnell in energy, ambition and love of work, was very domestic and took kindly to it, and it is difficult for her to take life easy now. In 1840 she married Joseph White, a graduate of the college in 1836, and one of its trustees from 1848 to the time of his death, November, 1890, and treasurer of the college from 1858 to 1886. He read law in the office of Hon. Martin I. Townsend of Troy, and commenced its practice in Troy as partner of his brother-in-law, Abram B. Olin. In 1848 he left Troy for Lowell, Mass., and came to Williamstown in 1860. He was secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education twenty-one years, successor of Hon. George Boutwell, and represented the state in both branches of the legislature. He was a fine looking, genteel, cultured man; he loved books, was a great reader and collected one of the best private libraries in the state. He did a good work for the schools of the state. He was a decided party man,

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but not a politician, and would not go into a scramble for office, believing that the office should seek the man, not the man the office. He was sometimes hasty in temper, but kind and gentle as a woman, loved his friends, had a thoughtful, forgiving spirit and was admired by every one who knew him. He left a widow, but no children.

Harriet, the third daughter, was born in 1818, had a good mind and was beautiful, resembling her mother much. She was the pet of the older sisters, and was allowed by them to spend her time in study and reading and they would do her work. She married in 1843, George H. Browne of Providence, R. I., a graduate of Brown University. He read law and became one of the best lawyers in Providence, was a delegate to the convention which nominated Franklin Pierce for president, and was appointed by him United States attorney for the Rhode Island district. In 1860 he was elected to Congress. While in Congress he left his seat and went to Providence and raised a regiment for the war, known as the 12th Rhode Island regiment, of which he was colonel. He was in the battle of Fredericksburg and other battles, was very much beloved by his soldiers, and after the war his regiment had a reunion every year at Rocky Point, on Narragansett Bay. As a guest of Browne at one of the reunions, I witnessed the joyful time the old soldiers had in

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meeting each other and their colonel. He was a member of both branches of the legislature at various times, was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the state by the legislature, which was Republican, while Browne was a Democrat, which appointment he declined on account of his health. He died very suddenly in 1885. He was a generous, whole-souled man. I read law in his office and was a member of his family, and was admitted to the supreme court bar in Providence. Harriet became very domestic and a fine housekeeper. She died in 1859, leaving a husband and two children, a son and daughter : Keyes Danforth Browne, who married a Miss Burt of Ogden, but now lives in Providence, having quite a large family of children, and Mary, who married J. Maus Schermerhorn, a graduate of Williams College in the class of 1869, now a business man in New York city. Some years after the death of our sister, Browne married Mrs. Lidgerwood of Geneva, Wis., a very fine, lovely woman, who survives him dearly beloved by us all.

These three sisters were educated in the common schools and at Williamstown Academy, located where the Catholic Church now stands, and taught in those early days by Mr. Canning, father of the late E. W. B. Canning of Stockbridge, a graduate of the college in 1834. They all obtained a good education, had good minds and, what is better still,

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good, strong common sense, which served them well in their young lives. They all married young men with good, strong, cultured minds, self-reliant, with ambition to become men of mark in the world and talents to carry out their plans for the future. They were all poor in this world's goods, but rich in preparation to wage a successful warfare for a place with others in the world's successes. These sisters were brought up with economical ideas and habits, and they were helpmeets to, instead of drags upon, their husbands all their lives.

The fourth son was some years younger than these sisters, and, not having any playmates in the household, "flocked alone," in his boyhood days. Still, he is ready to acknowledge it is fortunate for a boy to have sisters older to counsel and guide him, and any young man who grows up without sisterly influence will find it a missing link all his life. His boyhood has been dwelt upon in former articles; his manhood is not yet finished. In his young days there was a goodly number of young people in town and we had many pleasant times. But when he graduated from college in 1846, he was almost a stranger in his native town, and, being broken in health, was advised by good old Dr. Sabin to give up study for a year and work moderately on the farm. It was the first time that the shadow of the blues settled down upon him. He did work his

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father's farm, though not with moderation, paid off his debts, had renewed health and money enough left to resume his studies in the spring of 1848 and carry him through his three years' course with the small amount he earned in the meantime. He was admitted by the Supreme Court of Rhode Island to practice in 1850, and on that certificate was admitted to the Berkshire bar in 1851, and opened an office in the lower room of the old academy building, located where the Catholic Church now stands. Let me here record that Dr. H. L. Sabin was a dear, good friend to this young man in his life start, as he was to every young man to the manor born, who was inclined to settle in his native town. He used to say that so many of the young were leaving and the old only were left, with no young men to stay their hands, and it was through his advice and kindness, in addition to the fact that this young man's parents were getting along in years, and all the children had left their old home, which influenced him to open an office here. The doctor was one of the most genial, companionable men I ever knew. We worked together many years in church and town affairs and I knew him well and enjoyed him much. He was the best man for the town, church and college who ever dwelt in this beautiful valley. He was a poor collector. He had an extensive practice, was careless in money matters, but he had a heart large as Block

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Island. This son was married in September, 1852, to Anna L. Lyon, daughter of Col. James Lyon of Woodstock, Conn., who had a fine, well educated mind, deeply religious, with a strong will and great energy, but a frail constitution. Her ambition and thoughtfulness and care of others were too much for her strength and she died in 1868, in her thirty-fifth year, leaving one son, Bushnell, now postmaster, and treasurer of the Savings Bank, and who was representative from the first Berkshire district to the legislature of 1885, and in 1885 was appointed by President Cleveland postmaster of Williamstown. He took the office from C. R. Taft, he having taken the office from the writer in 1861, who held the office from 1852 to 1861. Bushnell married in 1880, Katherine M. Mather, youngest daughter of the late B. F. Mather. They have one daughter, eleven years old, named Anna Lyon Danforth, after her departed grandmother, a bright little girl and a very dear little one to all the family.

I have to be careful what I write about this fourth son, as he is living and may find fault with my statements, being somewhat in the predicament of old Dr. Emmons, when he wrote to Rev. Williams, once his classmate in college, saying that he was sick and expected to die; if he did he wanted him to preach his funeral sermon. Some few weeks after receiving the note from Emmons, Williams wrote the doctor

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that he had a little leisure and had written his funeral sermon, and the doctor wrote him to come on and read the sermon to him. Williams did so. He sat down beside the doctor and commenced reading, when the doctor stopped him and began to criticise the sermon. Williams said: "Tut, tut, hold on, doctor, no criticising this; remember you are dead now."

From the time he commenced business it was work with him in his business and office. From 1862 to 1882 he took charge of the college treasurer's office for Joseph White, the treasurer, who was obliged to be in his office in Boston most of the time; served as school committee and town treasurer twenty years and as assessor and selectman at various times; was twice honored by the first Berkshire representative district to seats in the legislature, in 1862 and 1880, was chairman of the committee on county estimates, and in 1880 was on the committee of probate and insolvency. In 1885 he was appointed justice of the police court of Williamstown. In 1869 he married Caroline M. Smith, a graduate of the Albany Female Academy in 1855. She is a model housekeeper, knows how to manage a home, and her greatest contest and trouble is to keep dirt out of the house and her husband dressed up. Not having any children, she keeps a herd of black cats for pets.

Helen Augusta, the youngest daughter of the

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family, some years younger than the writer, was the prize child and daughter. She inherited the strong mind and will of the father, and being the youngest, became the pet and controlling spirit of the family. She was educated by her brother-in-law, Joseph White, who carried her through a college course in every study except Greek. She studied German under a noted German teacher at Mrs. Willard's Seminary in Troy, and became so perfected in the language that when the teacher took a vacation of some months abroad, he recommended her to Mrs. Willard to take charge of the German class, and she taught there a year. She was afterwards solicited to take charge of a noted female seminary in the eastern part of the state, but declined. In 1856 she married A. C. Geer of Troy, N. Y., a graduate of Union College, a brainy young man, at the time a law partner of her brother-in-law Olin, and he remained in the practice till Olin was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of Washington, D. C., when he took a position in the Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping Machine Co., of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., as their secretary and commercial manager, and the company was a great success under his management. He resigned his office in 1886 and organized the New York Architectural Terra Cotta Co., having their factory at Long Island City, of which his eldest son is president, and which is doing a successful

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business. He has a nervous, energetic temperament and was one of the very best organizers of business companies I ever knew, and had the push to make the company he had an interest in a success. But he found the business strain too much for his nervous temperament and gave up active business, and purchased Mrs. Olin's house in Washington, which they have occupied for many winters past. Mrs. Geer is vice-president of the National Organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution. They spend their summers in their beautiful home at Hoosick Falls, N. Y. They had three sons. The youngest, Olin White, a bright young man of great promise, died of fever while fitting for college. The eldest, Walter, is in business in New York city, president of the Terra Cotta Co. He married Mary, daughter of the late Orlando B. Potter of New York city. They have three sons, Olin Potter, Walter and Joseph White. Danforth Geer, who has the place his father once occupied in the Wood Company, married Amy Gay, daughter of the late Willard Gay of Troy, treasurer of the Wood Company up to the time of his death. They have one son and two daughters.

CHAPTER XI.

**SOME OF THE OLD HOUSES AND THEIR OCCUPANTS
—INTERESTING CHARACTERS OF FORMER DAYS—
A BURLY BLACKSMITH WHO WAS CONVERTED TO
TEMPERANCE AND RELIGION—THE OLD MANSION
HOUSE AND SOME OF ITS LANDLORDS—VARIOUS
FACTS FROM MEMORY'S STORE-HOUSE.**

In my last chapter I closed up my boyhood recollections of the Buxton family from the starting point. The last two chapters may seem a little egotistical, and they probably were, but it was no more than just to the family who came out of that quaint old house described in my first chapter. I shall now take up my recollections of the location of the houses in the village and of some of the families who occupied them some sixty years or more ago.

The house standing on house lot No. 12, just west of Hemlock Brook, Dr. Perry says was built and occupied by Dr. Jacob Meack, that he had five daughters, all of them marrying in town, two of them William and Reuben Young of South Williamstown, one John Kilborn, who afterwards occupied the doctor's homestead, and one married a man by name of Younger, who built his house on the north part of house lot No. 12. Of her John R. Bulkley said when she died: "I am glad she is

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dead, as she knew and would tell the age of every person in town."

The Dr. Meack place was a one-story house with cellar kitchen when John Kilborn owned and occupied it. Within a few years it has been remodeled by Barney Manion, who now owns and occupies the place. Kilborn had a son and daughter, Fred and Marcia. Fred was feeble-minded and had the St. Vitus' dance. I remember his coming to my father's every spring to see the calves. My mother and Mrs. Kilborn were great friends and she always treated Fred to a good lunch. Mrs. Kilborn died some years before her husband's death. He was very deaf for many years the latter part of his life. In his last sickness Marshall Sanders and I were called upon to watch with him. As there were no trained nurses in those early days, the neighbors had to care for the sick. Kilborn had a small boy living with him by the name of Bill Cutler, who would roll himself up in a buffalo robe and camp on the floor, and at the proper time would give the old man his medicine. When he took it, it not being agreeable to the taste, the old man would scold and shake his head and Bill would laugh. Marcia was an old maid and indulged in opium and was flighty, and when she retired we could hear her putting nails over the latch of her door. At the same time we had more reason to fear her than she had us. She lived many

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years after the death of her father, and after she exhausted the property left her she was cared for by the Congregational Church, of which she was a member. I tried to get her into the Old Ladies' Home in Boston, but it was full of those who had a claim upon it in the eastern part of the state and I didn't succeed. She lived to a good old age.

East of the brook stood a one-story house and a carding and cloth mill a short distance below on the rocks, occupied in my boyhood by Harry Baker, whose wife was the sister of Mrs. J. H. Hosford and a widow when she married Baker, with two beautiful daughters, as I remember, by her former marriage. Thatcher Platt after Baker lived there and ran the mill. His wife was a cousin of H. B. Curtis, a beautiful woman as I remember her. A man by the name of Green, lived and died there. Jasper Adams of North Adams once occupied this house. Arnold Maynard lived and died there and his beautiful family of girls were brought up and married from that house. He remodeled the house some, but it remains for Mrs. Bulkley Wheeler, who purchased the place of Mrs. Maynard, to make the old house one of prepossessing appearance and convenience, standing by the brookside. The old mill long ago disappeared. Maynard when he owned the place built a small house east of this. The first person I remember occupying it was Hibbard, son

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of Elder Hibbard, and a brother of Mrs. James Bridges. His wife died there and Frances Sanders and I watched one night with her remains while Hibbard slept and snored on a lounge in the same room.

The next building east was James Noble's blacksmith shop, his one-story house standing just east, which was occupied by his father before him. James drank heavily and was beside himself when intoxicated, and would abuse his best friend. I have seen him parade on his old white horse many a time. In 1840 he built a new shop. Being in the Washingtonian times, a reformed drunkard came here to lecture on temperance, and he spent days sitting on the timber Uncle Jim was framing for his shop, trying to persuade him to become a sober man and sign the pledge. He did sign the pledge and soon after united with the Congregational Church, and from that day to the day of his death many years after he was a sober christian man, perfectly honest and kind. After he reformed he put up his shop and raised his house up another story. Some few years after the temperance lecturer came on a visit to Noble with his wife and was entertained by him and his mother and sisters in a sumptuous manner. Being a bachelor, he made a home for his mother and sisters and left quite a little property for his sisters at his death.

The next house, Robert Noble, brother of James,

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lived in. When the Whitmans built a new store, Robert Noble purchased the old Whitman gambrel-roof store and moved it on to this site and fitted it up for a dwelling, and it now forms the west part of the house of Mrs. Truman Cole. The next house east is the house remodeled by Dr. Belden, now occupied by Mrs. J. H. Hosford and S. B. Kellogg. In my youthful days it was owned and occupied by William Bridges and Deacon Smedley. In 1850, when my classmate Sanders was in the Auburn Theological Seminary preparing for the ministry, having decided to go on a mission, and was casting around for some nice girl to accompany him, he wrote me he was coming east on a little business that must be attended to, but did not tell me his business; but I found out afterwards it was to see a young lady he hoped to persuade to go on a mission. In the meantime Deacon Smedley was traveling through the county and stopped at Peru, where the Rev. Knight was the settled minister, and the minister asked him if he knew a young man by the name of Sanders in Williamstown, and what kind of a young man he was. (It was his daughter Sanders came east to see.) The deacon's answer was one of the best. He said Sanders and young Danforth passed and repassed his house six times a day for four years from the college to their homes and "they never stoned my boys or committed depredations

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on my fruit trees." In 1851 Sanders and Miss Knight were married, went to the Ceylon mission and their labors in that field ended with their lives.

The next building east on Main Street was a small office located near the sidewalk where the drive enters from Main Street to the Kappa Alpha Lodge, and was occupied by Dr. Sabin and Dr. Samuel Smith for an office. On the site of the Kappa Alpha Lodge stood an old gambrel-roof house built by someone unknown to the writer, about the time the Mrs. Benjamin house was built on the opposite side of the street, being of the same style of architecture. In the fifties H. B. Curtis purchased this house of Arnold Maynard and remodeled the same, and it is the same house improved now occupied by Mrs. Hart on South Street. The next building east which came up to the walk on the south was Starkweather's store, which was occupied by a man by the name of Sutton. He lived in the Benjamin house when he committed suicide. He was the father of the late Mrs. Drake Mills of New York, whose remains were buried in his lot in the old cemetery. After him Henry Brown lived in the gambrel-roof house west of it. He was appointed high sheriff of the county and moved to Pittsfield. Tutor Coffin lived in this house in 1842. The tutor's room was in the fourth story of West College, near Sanders' and my rooms. In those college days

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morning prayers were held at six o'clock the year round, and from prayers we went to the recitation room. Tutor Coffin used to come to his room in college about five o'clock in the morning and start his fire and then come into our room and warm, and we would thaw out the tutor and he would reciprocate by reading the hard passages in our lessons to us. This store was owned by William Starkweather, who traded many years in it. He lived in a large two-story house on North Street, near where the "White Elephant" house now stands. He owned much land west and north, extending over on the hill where E. M. Jerome's house now stands. Terretts & Bro., from New York city opened a store in this building. The eldest of the brothers was a bachelor and built a house on the lot east of the new Congregational Church. It was rumored that he was to marry a Williamstown girl of much beauty, whose father then owned and occupied what is now the president's house. He got his cage built and arranged for the bird, but the old adage, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," proved true in his case. He didn't catch the bird. The Terretts returned to New York and Prof. Ebenezer Kellogg purchased the house and spent the latter part of his life in it. Prof. John Tatlock purchased the house of the widow and much land north of this house, and moved it back and set it up where the Sigma

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Phi house stands. He sold to the Sigma Phi Society and they repaired it, and in a few years after sold it to C. R. Taft, who moved it to his lot on South Street, and it is now owned by Mrs. John B. Kellogg. The society built a magnificent club house on the old foundation, which was destroyed by fire January 7, 1894. On that site the society has erected a superb new club house from the materials of the Old Patroon Manor House of Albany.

But to return to the old store where Starkweather traded. There was a story current in the village that he prided himself with a correct knowledge of the different kinds of woods. Todd, a shrewd old colored man who dwelt in the White Oaks, made some basswood ax helves and sold them to Starkweather for walnut helves. After the building ceased to be used as a store it was used for rooms and shops. Hanson, the harness maker, had his shop in this building for some years. The late Thomas Mole worked for Hanson in this shop when he first came to town. George W. Alford had his shop in this building. He built the house east of the Mansion House, now owned by the Bullock estate, and moved from here to Adams. About '52 or '53 Thomas Carpenter left his farm on the Northwest hill, purchased the old store and moved and set it up on one of the house lots west, and it formed the main part of the house that was lately purchased by

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II. T. Procter of Mrs. J. H. Hosford, which was taken down and the site cleaned up to make room for his palatial house. East and across North Street stood the old Mansion House, which was owned and kept as a public house by various persons at various times. It must have been built about 1780. A man by the name of Putnam was one of the first landlords, followed by Ware & Sylvester and William B. Cooley, who afterwards owned and kept the Berkshire House in Pittsfield many years. William Waterman owned the house and lots and traded it with John Hickox for his Bee Hill farm and kept the house. Many others tried their hand at money-making in this house. The last landlord in the old house was the late A. G. Bailey. The old house burned down in 1870, and in 1873 the present house, now called The Greylock, was erected by a corporation, and is now owned by the estate of the late Col. A. D. Bullock. The next building east was Noah Cook's shop (called Noah's ark) in the upper room of which Noah pounded the last and drew the waxed end and expounded philosophy for and to his customers many years. Laura Waters occupied the lower room some years for a millinery shop. Mahitable Whelden, a tailoress, occupied it some years and measured the boys for their coats and trousers, and sewed and mended for the students. East, and close to Noah's ark, which disappeared some years ago,

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stands Dr. Mather's house, which was occupied many years by Mrs. Charles Sabin and her family. She was a daughter of Deacon Taft. The next house east, owned by B. F. Mather, in the forties, was occupied by Harry Johnson, a clerk in B. F. Mather's store. In the fifties it was occupied by the Rev. Horsington, a retired missionary who supplied the Congregational Church pulpit some few years. Mrs. S. J. Safford occupied this house and had her school of little ones in the Dr. Mather house. The next east is the Mather store, the front of which was built by Orrin Kellogg and B. F. Mather in the thirties. Kellogg and Mather as co-partners traded some years in this store, when they dissolved partnership and Kellogg moved to Cambridge, N. Y. Mather enlarged the store at different times and carried on mercantile business there up to the time of his death.

The next house east of this was Deacon Taft's, where he lived and died. Dr. Shepard, minister of Lenox, and vice-president of Williams College, married his widow. The deacon had many wives, but only one widow. There was a ten-foot driveway between the store and this house. After the deacon's death Mather purchased the house and rented it some years. Nathaniel Waterman lived there in '44, '45 and '46, and his only son died there, a promising young man in his junior year in college.

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He had one sister, a lovely girl, who was my boyish admiration. Afterwards it was occupied many years by Mrs. Samuel Tyler. After she left it Mather took down the house and enlarged his home place situated next east, and also his store.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WHITMANS AND THEIR STORE—A RELIGIOUS WOMAN AND HER COLORED SERVANT—EFFECT OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING—THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT CARTER—HOW D. W. SLOANE HAPPENED TO GO WEST—FEW MEN NOW LIKE MARK AND ALBERT HOPKINS—AMASA SHATTUCK IN CHURCH.

The next house east of the Deacon Taft house the late B. F. Mather purchased when he commenced trade here, and afterwards remodeled it. In my boyhood days it was occupied by Rev. Mr. King, minister of the church, who, if I remember right, died in this house in about three years after his settlement. The next house east is known as the Whitman house, now owned and occupied by Dr. L. D. Woodbridge. The west part of the house, Dr. Perry in his book says, was built by Josiah Horsford and was purchased by the Whitmans about 1800. Timothy and John Whitman came from Hartford, Conn., and were merchants. Their store stood where the east part of the house now stands and was connected with the house. They were successful merchants, had a large trade from the surrounding towns and accumulated much wealth.

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Their wives were sisters, also sisters of Mrs. Benjamin, who lived in the old house, now gone, south of the old church site. They were all excellent women. Timothy had one child, a daughter, a beautiful girl who married the late Prof. Lasell. John had two children, a daughter and son. Dr. H. L. Sabin married the daughter, who lived but a short time after their marriage. Seymour, the son, occupied the old home and carried on the mercantile business in the same old store many years. He had one son and two daughters. The son, a graduate of the college in the class of 1855, studied theology and is settled in the west. The eldest daughter married John Tatlock 2d, a graduate in the class of 1856, and who for some years was settled over Congregational Church in Hoosick Falls, N. Y. The youngest daughter married a German professor, now in Harvard College. The mother of Seymour was a deeply religious woman. An old colored man by the name of Asahel Foot (one of the freed New York slaves claimed to have been one of the old Patroon servants) used to work for the Whitmans and the good women used to instruct Asahel and talk to him much on religious subjects, and Asahel thought himself good and sure for the kingdom, having been taught there was no distinction in color there and that all were equal. Asahel came into the house one cold winter morning when Mrs. Whitman

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said: "It is very cold, Asahel." "Very" said Asahel, "but, Mrs. Whitman, we have only a few more days here below, and we shall find it very different when we are walking the streets of the new Jerusalem arm in arm together there."

The next building east was the old academy, a two-story brick building erected by a corporation, and which afterwards came into the Whitmans' hands. The upper rooms were used for school purposes and the lower rooms for offices and shops. Graves, the tailor, used it for his shop and Judge Daniel N. Dewey had his office in this building. The writer opened his office there in 1851, and Banister printed the *Advocate* in this building, the paper having a short life. In those days it was meadow land between the store and this building. In the upper rooms of the building were educated most of the boys and girls of Williamstown in those early days in studies above the district school.

The next house east, which is occupied by President Carter, was built by Samuel Sloane and, at that time, was the most magnificent house in town, which was inherited by his son, Douglass W. Sloane, a graduate of the college in the class of 1803. D. W. was a lawyer, but to add to his income he opened a private boarding school for boys. Having a large family of beautiful girls, it took quite an income to care for and keep them, and his property became

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much involved, and while he was absent after boys for his school his creditors became alarmed at his long absence and sued and attached his property. At the same time he was on his way home with a number of boys for his school, but, hearing of the attachments of his creditors, and being a proud, sensitive man, he did not return to Williamstown, but went to Cleveland, Ohio, to which place his family soon followed him. There his daughters married excellent business men. His widow visited here in the writer's remembrance and claimed her thirds in the real estate of her husband. Prof. Lasell, a graduate of the college in the class of 1828, a fine looking man who married the beautiful Whitman girl, purchased of the creditors his fine house which then included house lots 44, 46 and 48, to which he took his young wife. He was tutor, and afterwards professor of chemistry in college, and was the first man to set up an establishment of horses and carriage in town, with a colored driver, to wit, Amos Deming. Some now living will remember those beautiful horses, they being the first docked horses that were brought into town. When Prof. Lasell left and built the Auburndale Female Seminary building at Auburndale, Mass., and opened a ladies' school there, Seymour Whitman purchased the place and moved there. Whitman sold the lot where the Congregational Church now stands to Giles Bardwell and William Walden. They built

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a store on the front of the lot and a double house back of the store and lived there. Bardwell sold his interest in the property to Prof. J. Tatlock, and the Congregational parish purchased the lot of them. The store was moved to Spring Street and is now known as the old post office block. The house was moved and set up on Spring Street and was one of the buildings burned last October. The Whitmans sold the rear of these lots to the Mission Park Association, and a portion of the front of the lot east of the church lot to Prof. Tatlock, and the remainder, including the buildings, to Nathan Jackson, who made a gift deed of it to the college for the president's residence, and it has since been occupied by the president of the college. The next house east was Prof. Kellogg's house, built by Terrett, which Prof. Tatlock purchased and moved back to the site of the Sigma Phi house. The next house east was the old president's house on lot fifty, which was occupied by Dr. Griffin during his presidency, and later by Dr. Mark Hopkins until the Lasell house was purchased by Jackson, when he moved and lived there, and when he resigned the presidency of the college a house was built for the good old doctor near the park. He left the president's house and occupied this, and here he lived and died. The house is still occupied by his widow and youngest daughter. I don't know but God makes as good and bright men in these latter

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days as Mark and Albert Hopkins, but if so they must be dwarfed in their bringing up, or die young, as we don't glean any knowledge of them or the fruits of their labors. This old president's house the year College Hall was built, was moved and set up north of the hall and is now occupied by Prof. Safford, and a Memorial Hall to the dear old doctor has been built by the alumni of the college on the site of the old house, which is an appropriate monument to the man's memory, who labored and taught till he was not, for the Lord took him.

The next building east was Griffin Hall, called in my young days "College Chapel," where the students congregated early in the morning and late in the afternoon for prayers, and Wednesday afternoons to exhibit their oratory, and junior and senior years to tell the professor in chemistry what they knew about that study, and let Dr. Hopkins see how deficient they were in his department. The next building under the hill was the office of Judge Dewey, treasurer of the college from 1830 to 1859, and where the students then resorted to pay their bills. The next east was the Judge's house built by Daniel Day, now owned and occupied by the D. U. Society, lately injured by fire and raised up and improved by the society. One of Day's daughters married a Noble, who died a short time after their marriage leaving her a widow with one daughter, known to us as Mrs.

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Brewster, the mother of Carrie Brewster. Mrs. Noble soon after married Gershom Bulkley of South Williamstown, who owned and occupied the farm that the late Daniel Phelps purchased of Eber Sherman's heirs. At Bulkley's death the widow sold the farm and purchased the house on South Street of Orrin Kellogg, now owned and remodeled by Mrs. Ward. She had many bright sons and daughters by this second marriage, among them George W., a graduate of the college in the class of 1824, and Gershom, who was in the class of 1836, but did not graduate. Mrs. Brewster lived and died at her mother's house, as also did her aunt Skinner, the widow of Benjamin Skinner.

Next east of the Dewey house stood a house occupied many years by Sumner Southworth, with a front projecting to the sidewalk. The lower room was occupied at one time by Johnson as a tailor shop, and later by Sam, the barber. The upper room was occupied by Lyman C. Thayer for his law office. After him Lucius Smith had his law office in this room. In the sixties Southworth moved this house off and erected his new house on this site. The old house, remodeled, is where D. J. Neyland now lives, and the office part is the George Scott house.

The next house on lot 56 was the late James M. Waterman residence, built by Richard Stratton, (Dr. Perry's book), and is one of the oldest houses in

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town. Waterman died last May. He was a kind, noble man and a good, fast friend. He and the writer were companions all their younger days, and in manhood were the best of friends and were only divided in politics. He was a genial companion and when he came into my office it was always an occasion for some fun and we always had it, and when he died I felt a brother had gone, and I daily feel the loss of this dear friend. His widow died this February. They leave one son, a business man in Troy, N. Y. This house was the home of Gershom G. Bulkley, Caleb Brown and Isaac Latham at different times. Brown built the brick store east of his house, where he carried on mercantile business. This store building was purchased a few years ago by the late Joseph White and moved back from the walk. The next house east was built by Daniel Noble, who was a lawyer and many years treasurer of the college, and the ownership of which was in the family till 1859, when it was purchased by the late Joseph White and repaired. There must have been an old house on this site when Noble built, which must have been repaired by him and a new main house built in front, as the back or ell part of the house was much older than the front or main part. Mr. White took that part of the house down when he purchased and built a new ell. The eldest daughter, a very beautiful girl, married Prof. Porter, who lived but a

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few years and she was left a widow with one daughter, who is the wife of George F. Betts of New York city. Some time after Mr. Porter's death she married Charles Stoddard, a noble christian man and merchant of Boston. Both have passed away, leaving one son, Rev. Charles A. Stoddard of New York, the editor of the New York *Observer*, who has built a beautiful summer residence on land once owned by his great-grandfather, Solomon Wolcott. The youngest of the Noble girls, whom I remember as a very interesting, pretty girl, married a brother of Charles Stoddard and went to Glasgow, Scotland, many years ago. She and her husband and a daughter visited the old home some few years ago and I took tea with them at my sister's, Mrs. Joseph White's, in the house which was the home of Mrs. Stoddard's girlhood. She is dead, and I know of but one of the Noble family now living, Solomon, a lawyer living in Long Island City. The Noble office stood east of the sidewalk and was moved by Mr. White east near Dr. Smith's, and there the students came for several years to pay their term bills. Some four years ago this gave place to Clarence M. Smith's fine residence. The next east is the brick house of Dr. A. M. Smith, built by his father, Dr. Samuel Smith, in 1817, a long time physician of this town, who married a daughter of Dr. Towner, raised a large family, most of them daughters, who were said to be

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very fine looking and great singers. These girls all married graduates of the college and are all gone. None of the family is left but Dr. A. M. Smith. Dr. Smith's office stood east of the house close to the sidewalk. He moved it to the west of the house and built a new front. The next house east was the Amasa Shattuck house. He was a cabinet-maker, and his shop was on the corner of Shattuck Lane, so called, and Main Street. Amasa was a very large man, and I remember when he came into his pew in church with his long cloak, he would turn around and take a look into singers' gallery, then wrap himself up in his cloak, face the pulpit and sit down ready for the sermon. He never failed in these movements. His wife was sister to Dennis Smith and Mrs. Town. They had one daughter, Mary, and many sons, now all dead. The old house was divided, moved and set up on Depot Street, and the old shop now does duty as a cabinet shop, occupied by E. E. Evens, and the Hon. James White's house now occupies the old site.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE ABOUT SOME OF THE OLD HOUSES AND THOSE WHO OCCUPIED THEM—THE PLACE WHERE JAMES FISK, FATHER OF THE LATE JAMES FISK, JR., USED TO LIVE—THE DEACON FOOT'S PLACE AND HOW ITS OWNER CAME BACK FROM CALIFORNIA TO DIE THERE—OTHER RECOLLECTIONS.

In those early days there were but two houses on the west side of Shattuck Lane from Main Street to the river, one called the yellow house, now owned and occupied by Miss Orton, many years ago owned by Dr. Sabin and occupied by his father, and the Dick Lama house, now occupied by Thomas Nevell. On the east side was a farm house near where the Williamstown Manufacturing Company's store now stands. In my very early days my father moved a small building from there which was used as a cheese house in connection with the farm house. I drove one pair of the oxen which helped draw the building and it was set up in Prattville just west of the Pratt house, and many years afterwards was purchased by John Sherman and was moved by him into his yard, under the elm tree south of his house, but it has now disappeared. The next house east on north side of Main Street is the house occupied by Mrs. John M. Cole. It was owned and occupied by

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Deodatus Noble, and by him sold to Israel Cole by deed dated 1836. In 1831 Deodatus Noble sold to Faxton and Bulkley the factory lot described as follows: Beginning one rod from the abutment of the bridge, as it then stood near the Walley house, thence northerly down the river as it then ran, fifteen rods, thence westerly to the corner of Noble's garden; thence westerly on Noble's garden to Main Street; thence southerly on Main Street to the road; thence on the road to the first mentioned bound. The front part of this lot was once occupied by Faxon with a puddling furnace. The lot was purchased soon after by Caleb Turner of North Adams, who built the wooden part of the factory and ran the mill for some years, when he sold the factory and lot to Caleb Brown, who built the stone front to the mill. Afterwards it came into Southworth, Walley and Peter Blackinton's hands. Blackinton occupied the house at the foot of the hill and Walley the house on the brink of the mill yard. Then the river ran clear up to the Walley house, and where the stone bank wall now is. The flood of 1869 changed the course of the river east and took off the bridge and some twenty feet of the long house now standing east of the river, and the town was under the necessity of building the bridge further east. The next house east was the Smedley house, being built in 1772 by Nehemiah Smedley,

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and some four generations of his descendants have occupied it, and the present owner and occupant is our genial "all trade" man, B. F. Bridges, selectman and great-grandson of the original Nehemiah Smedley. Dr. Perry's book contains the history of this house.

The next house east, now occupied by F. C. Markham, was built by Elijah Smedley and was occupied by his family, and afterwards by his son-in-law, Asahel Foote, who kept a private school for many years and was our famous nursery man, and who set out a fine young orchard. His wife died and was buried from this house. Deacon Foote moved with his two unmarried daughters to California in his old age, but returned in a few years, and in a few weeks after he came back to his old home he died and was buried from it. The daughters sold the place to Markham, who has greatly improved it, and it is now a house of beauty. The daughters returned to Pasadena, Cal., sold their place there at a great advance and went further south in California and purchased again. Next east was the Daniel Thayer house. Parts of the cellar and stones are now visible. Lyman C. Thayer and the Hon. Shepard Thayer of North Adams were born in this house. Thayer sold it to Anson Dunsett, father of Charles and Mary Dunsett. He did carting business for the merchants from Troy to

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Williamstown, and died in this house, which long ago disappeared. Across the road stood a house and a blacksmith shop occupied by a man by the name of Peabody, and just west of this house and shop stood a house once occupied by James Fisk, the great American peddler, with fancy cart and four white, well-groomed horses. He was the father of Jim Fisk, of Wall Street and Erie railroad notoriety. These buildings have disappeared, except one that was remodeled and owned by Mrs. William Lawler. The next house is the Samuel Kellogg house. In my young days it was owned and occupied by Manning Brown, father of Lawyer Timothy Brown of Springfield. F. G. Smedley, a lawyer of New York city and a graduate of the college in the class of 1864, now owns the farm and comes with his cultured family here for the summer. The next is the place of Ira Ford, who married one of Bissell Sherman's daughters. After Ford's death the widow remodeled the house, and it is now occupied by S. H. Phelps. The next house is the brick-yard house, owned and occupied many years by Rufus Temple. After his death it went into other hands and is now owned by Mathew Owens' estate. On the other side of the road, where now is the house owned and occupied by Geo. P. Carpenter, stood a one-story house with a cellar kitchen, which in the early days was owned and occupied by Daniel Day,

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who sold the place to W. Bissell Sherman, and it was occupied by his son William, who was a good farmer and bright, but when full would shake hands with you and exclaim, "Damn a nigger!" The farm came into the hands of his sons at William's death, and Chauncey and Eber divided the farm. Chauncey thought the old house not quite good enough for him, and, desiring to excel William Blackinton in the erection of a house, took down the old house and erected the present fine house on the old site, with the result that usually follows such outgoes. Eber built a very nice, suitable house on his part of the farm, now owned and occupied by Allen Phelps. Just over the line in Adams stood the Truman Paul house, which is now owned and occupied by William Gove. Though over the line in Adams, Williamstown claimed the Paul family, as they came to the Williamstown church. They had a son and daughter. The son was in the regular army and the daughter is a Mrs. Goodrich of North Adams.

The Ebenezer Stratton house stood on the west side of the road leading south from the F. C. Markham place. He was one of the first settlers and was a very influential man in the community. His old house has disappeared. The next house west is the William Hall place, now owned and occupied by Mrs. Ford. Next west of that is the carriage shop

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of Mrs. Bates, built by H. C. Ely, and west is the house. The next house was built on the Walley property and is occupied by Luke Madden. Then crossing the Green River was Elisha Bingham's shoe shop, now gone, but the Bingham house is still standing, occupied by Cloe, his daughter, west of which is the Boardman house on the hill, remodeled and now owned by Jonathan Benjamin. West of this is Pork Lane, so called, on which two houses are standing of the old times, which used to lead down to Duncan's grist mill, located near the dam. Next west on Main Street is the Bissell Sherman house, front built in 1796 on to the old house which does duty in the rear. West of this is the Christopher Penniman house, remodeled by Mrs. Harvey Penniman, being an old-time, one-story house, and occupied many years by the Penniman family. Christopher was the old-time butcher, and fed the community with veal in the spring of the year till they were all blatant. The place has lately been purchased by C. B. Cook and much improved by him. Next west was the school-house known as the White school-house, in which the children of that part of the village were educated ; now doing duty as a meat market. The brick house next west was built by Samuel Duncan, and after him was owned and occupied by Eber Sherman, and now by his daughter. The next house west, on the corner of Water Street,

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is the house of Solomon Bulkley, many years deputy sheriff, who had a family of very bright daughters and two sons, the eldest son a physician in Washington, D. C. The place afterwards came into the hands of Dr. N. H. Griffin, whose wife was a Bulkley. After he resigned his professorship in the college he enlarged the house and for many years had a private school. After his decease, his sons having left to fill responsible positions elsewhere, the widow and only daughter left for the bachelor son's home in Springfield, and the old homestead is now owned by Fred Moore, the lumber and coal merchant. On the next corner, across Water Street, stood the old Union House, said to have been built by David Noble. This was a tavern of the old times, occupied in my boyhood days by William Waterman. J. H. Hosford owned and occupied it many years. It was moved by Sumner Southworth back of the Methodist Church, where Waterman & Moore's lumber yard now is, and rented to families, but falling in decay, it was condemned by the Board of Health and torn down. West of this is the Sherman hardware store, which was built many years ago. John Wright traded in this store in the twenties. He left here and went to Chicago, when it was a mere hamlet and purchased much land there. The city grew rapidly and taxes increased and debts pressed upon him so heavily he succumbed to them,

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but the real estate he saved, in after years, made his family wealthy. The Methodist society held their meetings in the hall over this store many years till they built the church, which, remodeled, is now Waterman & Moore's office and opera house. The church held their Sunday services in the upper room. The building had a basement in which they held their evening meetings. One of the ministers of the church wanted to hold the evening meetings in the upper room, but some of the trustees objected and they continued to meet in the basement. The minister was rather a free, outspoken man, and one Sunday evening it was reported that he in his opening prayer "thanked God that they had a place for worship, even if it was half under ground."

West of the store is a long house, built about the same time by David Noble and occupied by Wright when he traded in the store. Dr. Duncan built the little office. Next house was owned and occupied by Dr. E. Emmons, the old-time physician and geologist. Prof. Albert Hopkins, of sacred memory, purchased this place of the doctor and lived and died there, and death to him was like stepping out of one room into another, as he expressed it in his last sickness. Next was the old East College, which burned down in 1840. The next year the present building was erected on the old site, and the South College was put up some years before the old observatory

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was built. On the rock near where the chapel now stands stood a dwelling house, occupied by Prof. Kellogg and afterwards by Prof. Joseph Alden. This was taken down to make room for the present chapel. Next was a house where Morgan Hall now stands, sold by Thomas Mole to the college. It was one of the old landmarks and had sheltered many different families and trades. It was once occupied by a hatter, a tailor, and was the home for some years of the Singer sisters, milliners and dress-makers for the Williamstown girls. This house was moved by the college to College Place and is occupied as a dwelling. Dr. Alden built a house just west of this, which was purchased by the college and moved and set up south of its old location, and is now occupied by one of the professors. West College, the old landmark, was built in 1790 for a free school. In 1793 a charter was obtained for a college, and three stories were added to the building, and it stands there an old monument to education. In the olden times a walk ran through the centre of the building. In the fifties the building was thoroughly repaired as to its interior and the walks changed to each end.

CHAPTER XIV.

A QUICK-TEMPERED BUT A GOOD-HEARTED MAN—
AN OLD-TIME GRADUATION INCIDENT: ROUSED
FROM A DRUNKEN STUPOR TO DELIVER THE
VALEDICTORY, A STUDENT MAKES A BRILLIANT
IMPROMPTU EFFORT—ELI PORTER AND HIS PECU-
LIARITIES—A STUDENT WHO KNEW EVERYBODY.

In my last chapter I closed with old West College, that grand monument of education. Kellogg Hall was named for Prof. Kellogg. It was built in the forties and used for recitation rooms and dormitory purposes. The dwelling house west was built by S. V. R. Hoxsey, located where the Chi Psi Lodge now stands. When Hoxsey Street was opened a few years ago the house was moved on to this street and is now occupied by H. B. Curtis. Mrs. Hoxsey, who was a sister of Mr. Curtis, a quiet, even-tempered noble woman, died in this house a few years ago. Hoxsey was an enterprising man, energetic, with a quick, fiery temper, very unreasonable when the mad was on, but quickly over it, good-hearted and would do anything for a friend. He built much in the village, opened Spring Street for building lots, built a large addition to the old Mansion House when he owned it. Next west stood Benjamin Skinner's house, where he lived many years. He married Mrs. Train, whose maiden name was Rachel

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Simonds, the first child born in Williamstown, daughter of Col. Simonds. From this union there were four sons and three daughters. The daughters were very bright and handsome. One of these girls married Samuel Austin Talcott, a graduate of the college in the class of 1806, one of the brightest and most talented young men that ever graduated from Williams College, and, I am under the necessity of recording, rather dissipated. He was valedictorian of his class, and his classmates commencement day besought him not to drink anything intoxicating till after he had delivered his address to the class. A short time before his time came for the stage he wasn't in the church, and they found him asleep in the old Mansion House. They awoke him and said he had but few minutes before he was to be on the stage to deliver his address. He got up, dashed his head into a bowl of water, straightened out his hair, started for the church and went upon the stage to address his class. He wandered from his prepared address, but gave a valedictory that for eloquence was never equaled in the old church before or since. The writer had this from one who was present and heard the address. When the president handed him his diploma Talcott said to him: "I presume you would not have presented to me this degree if you knew that black-eyed girl up in yonder gallery was my wife." They were married before he graduated, but

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it was not made public. He chose the profession of the law and was at one time attorney-general of the state of New York. The late Gov. Briggs, when in Congress, delivered a temperance address to the college students in the old chapel, in which he spoke of Talcott being a graduate of the college, and said he came to Washington to argue a case before the supreme court, and the case had to be continued three days for him to recover from a debauch ; and when he came before the court he argued the case with such power and eloquence as to astonish the judges of the court. They could not understand how a man with such brilliancy could so fall, and come up "clothed in his right mind" with his reasoning powers so strong with arguments that carry conviction. This habit of intemperance fastened itself upon him while in college and prevented him from standing in the first rank with men of his generation.

Austin E. Wing, a graduate of the college in the class of 1814, married another of these daughters, became a lawyer and settled in Monroe, Mich. He must have been some connection of Talcott's, as he had Austin for his middle name. Wing had a son who graduated from the college in the class of 1840, named Talcott E. Wing. Two of Deacon Skinner's sons, Harry and William, never married and lived and died here. William in his latter days lived with

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the Sabin girls at South Williamstown. In their young days the boys were somewhat dissipated. Samuel Skinner graduated from the college in the class of 1816, read law and settled in LeRoy, Genesee County, N. Y. My eldest brother was a law partner of his when he settled in LeRoy. He had a son, John B. Skinner, 2d, a graduate of the college in the class of 1842, a free-and-easy fellow who used to go fishing and was fond of a good time. He knew all the people in town and neighboring towns, and it was proverbial with the students that John knew every one. John was standing on the piazza of the old Mansion House with a number of the students one day in the spring of the year when they saw a man driving a horse hitched to an old lumber wagon, the man walking beside the wagon. One of the boys said, "I will bet the cigars for the crowd that John don't know that man." He drove up to the Mansion House. John stepped out and shook hands with the man, who greeted and smiled upon him. He proved to be a man from Readsboro, Vt., where John used to fish and stop at this man's house, and the man had come down into the town to market his maple sugar. John married a Miss Putnam, whose father was a lawyer of Batavia, N. Y., and who was a congressman from that district one term.

Samuel Skinner had a fine wife and a family of three sons and two daughters. The eldest daughter

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married Mr. Edson who was in the manufacturing business at Scottsville, a short distance from LeRoy. I saw much of the Skinner family when living in LeRoy. I saw Mrs. Edson but once and I thought her a beautiful woman. At that time she had a number of pretty little daughters. Her husband dying young, she lived with a married daughter in Buffalo. Kitty, the other daughter, married James McClure of Albany, N. Y., a business man of that city. They had a son and daughter. The son died when a young man, which was a grievous blow to them, and the mother's black, curling hair whitened fast.

John B. Skinner, a graduate of the college in the class of 1818, youngest son of Rachel Simonds Skinner, was a very talented man and fine lawyer. His first settlement was in Wyoming, N. Y. He afterwards moved to Buffalo. Dr. Perry speaks of him at length in his book. Deacon Skinner, after the death of his first wife, Rachel, married a Miss Noble, daughter of David Noble, and there was one son of this union, George, who graduated in 1827, and established himself in the law in Michigan. With him the mother lived after the death of her husband, till his death, when she returned to Williams-town and lived and died with Mrs. Gershom Bulkley. She was known and called by our people "Aunt Skinner." The Skinner house burned down in the

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thirties and Thomas F. Hoxsey purchased the site and built thereon the double house with wings, known now as the Bardwell house. The wings were taken off by the Misses Bardwell and a large rear was built on to this house. Hoxsey had some "tony" daughters who persuaded him to leave his Buxton farm and live in the village. Hoxsey lived in the west tenement and died there. Dr. Alden for a time lived in the east tenement. It was into this house John Wells, a student in college, was taken after being struck by the Hoxsey's with a club under some mistaken identity. At the time it was supposed to be very serious, but did not prove so, for afterwards Wells was one of the judges of the supreme court.

The next house on Main Street was built by John S. Gray, who married sisters of Mrs. Seymour Whitman and Mrs. H. B. Curtis. At one time he was a partner of Whitman's in the mercantile business. Joseph H. Gray, who married Maria Dewey, now living in Boston, a retired merchant, was a clerk in his uncle's store. He and the writer were fast boy friends. Before the days of railroad through the tunnel Gray used to come from Boston here and the writer used to take him up to Cambridge, N. Y., there to take the stage on his journey to Salem to visit his mother. Once we upset and found ourselves under the fence, carriage and horse also.

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The next house west was Eli Porter's, and his old shop stood just east of the house. Eli worked for his uncle, Daniel Porter, maker and repairer of clocks. There are many of the old eight-day clocks in the families of the old inhabitants, manufactured by Daniel Porter, with his name upon them, which are very valuable as time-pieces and heirlooms. He had two children, a son and daughter. Royal Porter, the son, a fine looking, cultured man, died in the south, leaving a widow and one son, Edward. The widow married a Mr. Carouth of Boston. The daughter, Amelia, married a man by name of White, who was reported to be quite wealthy. There was one daughter from this union, but the marriage did not prove a happy one and she obtained a divorce from him and married Rev. Mr. Peabody. She died many years ago and her daughter married a Mr. Johnson of Lowell, and, dying some years ago, her remains were brought to Williamstown and interred in the lower cemetery lot. Eli Porter married his uncle's widow and took charge of the family. He was an excellent man and of a very equable temper, was a member of the Congregational Church, but always dressed like a Quaker—broad-brimmed hat, etc., always stood up in the church during prayers. He was a moderate man, never in a hurry, honest and true, owned quite a number of lots in the outskirts of the village, which he cultivated; kept a horse

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and two cows, never drove his horse out of the walk, which caused the remark of a citizen that he would not object to being a horse if he knew Eli Porter would own him. He lived many years after his wife's death in this house, and a short time before his death made a will giving most of his property to Edward Porter, the son of Royal and grandson of his wife. Dr. Duncan purchased the property and built a fine house on the site, using the old house as an ell. The old shop was moved west and set up on Main Street, and is occupied by Ann Sherman.

The next house west was built by Graves, the tailor, and has passed through various owners' hands, and is now owned by Mrs. F. L. Walters. She sold the west part of the lot to the Alpha Delta Phi society, moved and set up the house on the east part of the lot, and it is rented by her, she and her daughter living in Albany.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OLD KELLOGG HOUSE—MRS. BENJAMIN'S PRAYER-MEETINGS—THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE ON THE HILL—COMMENCEMENT IN THE OLDEN TIMES—THE SABIN PLACE—GLEN AVENUE.

In the seventies the Alpha Delta Phi society built a club-house of stone, which not proving convenient was taken down last year and a new one of brick erected on the old site. The building next west, now called the Taconic Inn, was evolved from an old house known in olden times as the Doctor Samuel Porter house. Doctor Sabin once owned the place and lived there. He sold it to Major Hubbell and purchased the Samuel Bridges place, the house on which was built by Colonel Simonds when he kept the first public house opened in Williamstown. Hubbell sold to S. B. Kellogg, who enlarged it and kept a hotel known as the Kellogg House. He in turn sold to A. D. Bullock, who raised up the house and built an extended ell south and gave it the name of the Taconic Inn. At the time of writing, this house is being taken down by J. W. Bullock, and the annex is to be moved across the street and connected with the Greylock House.

Next west stood a one-story house with a nice garden, owned by Mrs. Stebbens, who kept a boarding house for the students for many years. This

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was the Delmonico's of the village, where table board could be obtained for two dollars per week. Mrs. Stebbens was a widow with two children, a boy and a girl. Charles, the son, in his boyhood was a clerk in Henry Brown's store. The mother educated him and he graduated from the college in the class of 1807, and settled as a lawyer in Cazenovia, New York, where he became a man of influence and accumulated much wealth. The daughter married Doctor Sylvester, who with Mr. Ware at one time kept the old Mansion House (now the Greylock). At the time of the death of Mrs. Stebbens, Doctor and Mrs. Sylvester were living in her house and took charge of the boarding house. They had one son named Charles Stebbens Sylvester, who graduated with the salutatory oration (the second honor) in the class of 1846, the writer's own class. Sylvester, Sanders and I were examined for admission to college together and were great friends throughout our college course. Sylvester was younger than most of the class and a great pet with all. His father died while he was in college and after his graduation the homestead was sold to James Bridges and by him was remodeled into a two-story house with an ell. Bridges moved to Pittsfield, and Thomas McMahon purchased the place and also the stage route to Adams, which he has continued to run since. Sylvester studied for the ministry at Auburn

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Theological Seminary and was at one time settled at Spencertown, New York, and afterwards at Feeding Hills, Mass., at which place he now lives.

Crossing South Street we now come to the Delta Psi house, where once stood the gambrel-roofed house of Mrs. Benjamin. This old house had a history. It was one of the first houses erected in Williamstown and according to Doctor Perry, was built by Nehemiah Smedley. In my boyhood days it was owned and occupied by that good woman, Mrs. Benjamin. During her lifetime a prayer-meeting conducted by some of the students was held in her house every Saturday evening. In the sixties when repairing the old meeting-house on the hill, we worshipped in the chapel on Park Street. The Rev. Everard Kempshall, of Elizabeth, N. J., who was settled over Dr. Nicholas Murray's church was stopping at the Mansion House for two weeks. Mr. Ballard who was then our minister was absent and Mrs. Ballard got Mr. Kempshall to preach to the congregation in the afternoon and he gave us a fine sermon. In the course of his remarks he said: "In the first part of my college course I was an ungodly young man. One Saturday evening when passing Mrs. Benjamin's house, the singing from the prayer-meeting floated out to me on the street and affected me much. Passing on through the college grounds to my room in East College some one touched me on

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the shoulder and said : ' Come with us, Kempshall, and we will do you good.' That was the voice of God to me through Professor Albert Hopkins, which changed my whole plan of life."

The old white meeting-house opposite, in the middle of the street at the brow of the hill, was built in 1796 and burned down in 1866. Up to the time of the fire the commencement exercises of the college were all held in this church. In those days the commencement of the college came in August instead of June as at present. On the morning of commencement day the alumni used to form in procession at the old chapel (now Griffin Hall) with the band in the lead, the under-graduates next, with the alumni following, with the trustees and officers of the college bringing up the rear. The procession moved up the south walk through the West College to the old meeting-house on the hill. The streets were lined with carriages, the horses prancing at the sound of the music, and the hill in front of the church was packed with human beings watching and waiting for the procession, as none but ladies were allowed in the church till the alumni arrived and took their seats. When the church was reached, while the band continued to play in the vestibule, the procession separated, and the trustees and alumni marched up two by two from the rear through the passage-way formed by the under-graduates. When the last of

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the line of trustees and alumni had entered the church the fun began. The crowd would force in the ranks of the students and rush for the open doors, where stood Thomas Cox and Robert Noble, with their wands of office in their hands with which they would attempt, but in vain, to beat back the crowd. Those of the crowd who succeeded in gaining admission to the church would stop there but a short time, for the attraction to them was located outside to the west of the church, where were to be found the eating booths, the music, and the shows of all kinds which for the country people were the real commencement.

The long one-story Centre school-house stood south of the old meeting-house on a narrow lot between Mrs. Benjamin's and Dr. Sabin's places. When the town afterwards purchased the Hosford brick store and fitted it up for a school-house, the old house and lot were sold to Sevillian Boardman, and Dr. Sabin gave him a lot on Glen Avenue and the old school-house was moved and set up there. Mrs. Boardman afterwards perished one winter night in a severe snow storm in passing from Main Street to her house. The second meeting-house built on the site was moved west in the street to the north of the house in which Dr. Olds now lives to make room for the building of the larger church and was used as a town-hall and sometimes for school purposes.

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The peddlers on commencement day in case of a sudden shower would resort to it for shelter. It burned down many years ago.

Near where Dr. Old's house stands there used to be a little one-story house, built I think by a man named Clark, a shoemaker. After his death it was purchased by Dr. Sabin, who sold it to Hitty Whelden, who made a two-story house of it. After her death it passed into other hands and was finally purchased by Henry Sabin, who moved the old house and it is now doing duty as a dwelling on Belden Avenue. The next house down Glen Avenue was built by Harriet Mills, who conceived an ardent affection for one of Professor Cox's student boarders. Unfortunately for her, he did not reciprocate, and she became insane and for many years after his graduation she used to stand in the door-yard in front of her house watching and waiting for him to come for her. She was finally taken to an insane asylum. Henry Sabin purchased the place and adding it to his other property located a barn there.

Thomas Cox, "Professor of Dust and Ashes" in the college, built the house where Rev. Mr. Slade now lives, and lived and died there. The house is now owned by the Misses Snyder, who erected a building for their school in the yard a few years ago. Cox sold a part of his land to Webster Noyes, who erected a building thereon for a shoe shop. The

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west part of his lot Cox sold to his son Albert, who built a house there which was burned down some years ago, and L. E. Noyes has built a fine house on the site. These were all the old houses on Glen Avenue, but now there is quite a hamlet there.

On Fifth Avenue just below the dam stood Stephen Hosford's starch factory. In my younger days I drove the oxen to take many loads of potatoes to this factory. The price was then twelve cents per bushel. Chester Bailey and David Walley afterwards fitted this building with machinery for the manufacture of twine, and the dwellings in that locality were built at that time. The business not proving a success, the mill was changed into a saw mill, and standing for some years in a dilapidated condition, it finally took fire and burned down.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OLD PLACES ON SOUTH STREET—THE HOSFORD HOUSE—DRINKING FLIP AND TELLING YARNS—THE CUMMINGS AND PETERS PLACES—THE REVEREND WELLS GRIDLEY—"POTATO HILL"—MARTIN I. TOWNSEND'S LONG WALK AND WHAT CAME OF IT—MRS. WILLIAM H. SEWARD—STONE HILL.

The first dwelling after leaving Main Street, on the east side of South Street, was the house in which Stephen Hosford lived and died, also his widow after him, who was a sister of Russell Brown of Cheshire. They brought up quite a large family of interesting children. The eldest son, Henry, graduated from the college with the highest honors in the class of 1843. James, the youngest son, read law in the office of Gov. Seward at Auburn, N. Y., and settled in Geneseo, Ill. The youngest daughter, a very fine looking girl and a great belle in her younger days, married Dr. A. M. Smith. The eldest daughter married C. R. Taft, for many years postmaster of the village, and they occupied the old house after the death of Mr. and Mrs. Hosford. This house is supposed to have been built by Lemuel Steward who owned much of the real estate in the western part of the town and lived and died there.

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Dr. Samuel Porter was his executor. When Hosford came into possession of the place he opened a public house there, to which the farmers from the hills and the townspeople in the village used to resort evenings to pass the news of the day, swop stories, brag on what they had done and what they could do, and drink flip. When the flip began to take effect, it was marvelous to learn the number of acres of oats they could cradle in a day.

A few feet north of his dwelling Hosford built a brick building the lower part of which he used for his store and the upper part rented for a hall. After Hosford gave up his store the Centre school district purchased the building and used it for a school-room until the Union school-house was built on Spring Street. The old site was sold to James Bridges and on it he erected the stables now owned by Tom McMahon. After the death of C. R. Taft the dwelling house and lot passed into the hands of A. D. Bullock who took down the house, and thus disappeared one of the old landmarks of the town. The next two houses south now occupied by Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Kellogg have already been referred to in former chapters. On the west side of the street stands a house built by Charles Benjamin, at one time in the mercantile business here with his cousin Seymour Whitman. He married Caroline, daughter of J. Robbins Bulkley, a very beautiful

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and interesting girl. He moved from here to Pittsfield where he was in trade many years in partnership with his brother-in-law Charles Bulkley. He returned here in the sixties and purchased the farm owned by the Conkling estate, where he lived the remainder of his days. At the time he moved to Pittsfield his house was purchased by D. N. Dewey and others as a parsonage for the minister of the Congregational Church, and it was occupied by the Rev. N. Savage, and afterwards by the Rev. Dr. Peters, until Dr. Peters purchased part of house lot No. 1, lying between the Charles Benjamin lot and the Gridley place now owned by Mr. Frederick Leake. This Charles Benjamin house was purchased in the fifties by Dr. William Cumming, who came here from Georgia and occupied the place until 1860. Leaving in the fall of that year to spend the winter in his native state he was caught there by the outbreak of the Civil War and was pressed into the service of the Confederate army. In 1865, after the close of the war, Dr. Cumming returned and sold the place to the late Joseph White, and settled in Toronto, Canada. He afterwards returned to Georgia and died there quite recently. The house is now owned by Melville Egleston, a lawyer of New York city, who has entirely remodeled it. Dr. Peters built a house on the lot which he purchased of Mrs. Benjamin. This house was afterwards purchased

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and for a number of years occupied by my sister Mrs. Geer as her summer residence. She sold it to the Rev. A. B. Jennings now of Sing Sing, N. Y., who in turn sold it to John B. Gale a wealthy retired lawyer from Troy. Mr. Gale moved the old house back, and built a handsome addition in front.

In 1816 the Rev. Wells Gridley was settled over the Congregational Church of this village. Mrs. Benjamin, who looked after ministers in their anxieties for a settled home, sold him a building lot off from the back part of her house lot No. 1, upon which he erected a very fine house for those days. He was a good pastor and a very social man and he built up the church. Even Solomon the old hunter whom I spoke of in a former chapter, though he did not attend church, said he liked Mr. Gridley "as he had ears like his old hound." In 1833 an evangelist by the name of Foote came here and held a series of revival meetings. Many were converted, and a large number were added to the church through his preaching. Some of the old deacons, however, objected to his manner of conducting meetings and made trouble in the church. Dr. Griffin, at that time president of the college, also took exception to Foote's methods, which added to the discord in the church, and the outcome of it all was that Mr. Gridley resigned and went west and settled in the state of Illinois. But Gridley's name

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was for many years a household word with the old ladies of the church and he was indeed "Though lost to sight to memory dear."

The Gridley house and lot was purchased by Emory Chamberlin, who moved down from his farm on Northwest Hill and occupied the place for many years. He sold to Mr. Swan, who opened a boys' boarding school there. Swan sold to S. Morley who came here to educate his sons. After they graduated he sold the place to Frederick Leake. Mr. Leake under-drained the land, moved the old Gridley house back and built on a handsome front, leaving the inside of the old house practically intact. The soil was clayey and after being thoroughly drained Leake was under the impression he could raise good crops and so he planted some early potatoes. The potatoes, however, turned out to be of the kind the Hutchinson family used to sing about: "Potatoes they grow small over there, and they eat them tops and all over there." Mrs. Leake, who is very original, fond of a joke, and readily sees the ridiculous side of persons and things, named their place "Potato Hill," and it is said that some of her calling-cards were engraved with that name.

On the opposite side of the street stood old Noah's house, and it was a veritable ark. When Noah and his family left, the old ark soon disappeared, and on or near the spot where the ark rested a fine new

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house has been erected by Col. Archibald Hopkins of Washington, D. C.

The next house beyond Mr. Leake's, in the old days, was a one-story house of modest pretensions which in my boyhood was owned and occupied by Orrin Kellogg. In his college days Martin I. Townsend of Troy, used to come from his hill-side home south of Green River across Stone Hill down South Street to the college, and twice a day he passed this house where lived the young lady he afterwards made his wife, and I presume he caught a glimpse of her as he passed and re-passed and sometimes perhaps they had a little chat over the gate. This house afterwards became the home of Mrs. Gershom Bulkley where she and her daughter, Mrs. Brewster, lived and died. After passing through the hands of several owners it was finally purchased by Mrs. Ward who has remodeled the house and made a fine residence of it.

The next house, now occupied by Mrs. Smedley and her son William, was built by Gurdon Bulkley who owned the Stone Hill farm now in the possession of H. T. Procter. Bulkley left his farm after he married his second wife, who was a daughter of Dr. Porter, and occupied this house the remainder of his life. His son Henry occupied the farm many years and had a boys' private school there. Mrs. Bulkley was afflicted with some ailment which used

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to puzzle us children very much. When the old ladies of the village used to visit our mother, some one of them would generally report that Mrs. So and So was sick, and the question being asked "What is the matter with her?" the answer would always be "Oh! the same that ails Mrs. Gurdon Bulkley," and what *that* was we children could never find out. They had one son who graduated from the college in the class of 1843, became a lawyer in New York city, went to California, and died there a few years later.

Next to the ark, on the east side of the street, stood the old Cephas Bardwell house where he lived and died and his son Cephas after him. In the way-back years of the past, Saturday evening prayer-meetings were held in this house, but in later years the house was remodeled and "evil spirits were retailed there."

South of this house stands an old one-story dwelling on the Meacham farm which has been occupied by various families but is now the home of "The Hermit of Flora's Glen." A few rods further south can be seen all that is left of an old cellar hole where stood in the olden times a house occupied by a family by the name of Foot, and "thereby hangs a tale." The mother was a fine looking, energetic woman, but the father was a ne'er-do-well. They had one daughter, a very pretty girl, in whom the

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mother's ambitions were centered. One year the mother and daughter visited some friends in the central part of New York state. There the daughter met a young lawyer by the name of Miller who fell in love with her and they became engaged. A few months after their return to Williamstown, Miller came on to visit his fiancée. On reaching the village he enquired for "Esquire Foot," but no one knew any such person. He finally succeeded, however, in finding the little old house, and, nothing daunted, took the young girl away with him as his bride. William H. Seward, one of New York's most honored sons, read law in Miller's office, and becoming interested in his daughter finally married her. In after years when Seward was governor of the state of New York, Mrs. Seward and the governor came out here from Albany and visited the old West Cemetery in search of her grandmother's grave. The spot was pointed out to them by old Mr. Walden who had the care of the cemetery all his life, and Mrs. Seward had a suitable headstone erected over the grave, and there it still stands a monument to this noble woman whom the honors of her husband did not cause to forget that her mother came from a humble abode in the little village of Williamstown.

We will now pass over Stone Hill, which in olden times was the only route from the state of Vermont to the south part of the county. The brick house

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located on the very brow of the hill, for many years owned and occupied by the Bulkley family, was once owned and occupied by David Johnson. The brick house south of this was built by Joshua Morey who occupied it until his death. There was formerly a road, since discontinued, running straight from the Stone Hill road and coming out on the main road near the place of the late Cooley Phelps. Old Mr. Woodcock lived in a house situated on this road at a place called Woodcock Corners.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FEW PAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE STARK-WEATHER FAMILY—MRS. HOMER BARTLETT AND MRS. JOHN T. HOFFMAN—THE OLD WOLCOTT PLACE—MOODY'S BRIDGE—THE LINE HOUSE—THE FAMOUS SAND SPRINGS.

At the corner of North and Main Streets stood the Starkweather store spoken of in a former chapter. The first dwelling north was the William Starkweather house, a large two-story building facing the street. From this house went forth a very interesting family of children. Most of the girls were very bright and beautiful. The eldest married Homer Bartlett, a graduate of the college in the class of 1818. After being admitted to the bar he opened a law office here and afterwards practised law in Ware, Mass. From there he moved to Lowell to take the position of counsel and treasurer of the Massachusetts Cotton Manufacturing Corporation. He lived in Lowell many years but afterwards moved to Boston. He had one daughter, Mrs. Richardson, who died some years ago. After the death of his first wife he married a very lovely woman who used to accompany him to commencement when he came to attend the meetings of the board of trustees. Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett gave the college two scholarships of \$2,500 each.

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Another of the Starkweather girls married Rev. Parsons Cooke of the class of 1822, and another married Johnathan E. Woodbridge of the same class. Jane, the pride and beauty of the family, married a man by the name of Pratt, who was a student in college but did not graduate—a speculative, visionary man, who was sometimes rich and sometimes poor. She never came back to Williamstown after her marriage. She died some years ago, leaving two or three children.

Another sister, Ann, remained single, and after her mother's death left Williamstown and never came back. The eldest son, William Starkweather, Jr., graduated in the class of 1809, read law and opened an office in Williamstown, and had a large practice. Judge D. N. Dewey, once told the writer that Starkweather used to leave for Lenox a few days before the sitting of the court with one hundred and fifty writs to enter. Those were the days of little money and much litigation. Henry Starkweather, another son, graduated in the class of 1825. He settled in the mercantile business in New York city where he married and had one daughter, who became the wife of John T. Hoffman, afterwards mayor of New York city, and governor of the state. Through the mayor's influence Starkweather obtained fat positions under the city government and became wealthy, and after his father and mother's death he

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bought the old homestead. Augustus Starkweather went into business in Pownal, Vt., made some money, and after living a bachelor many years married a Miss Davis of Waterford, N. Y., a very charming woman. He brought his bride here to live, and tearing down the old house he erected the building lately purchased by the Kappa Alpha society for an annex. In this new house Mrs. Starkweather entertained much and with dignity and grace. Mr. Starkweather was a justice of the peace, and the writer tried many cases before him in his early practice, before the police court was established. Henry Starkweather sold the old homestead to the Rev. Addison Ballard when he was minister here, and Augustus lived the remainder of his days in the old Benjamin house. He died in 1868, leaving a widow and two sons, Richard, a successful merchant of Troy, and Homer who lives in Brooklyn.

The next house north was the old Mosher place where Mosher the butcher lived. He had two children, Oscar and Versey. After his father's death, Oscar carried on the meat market, and looked after his mother and sister. The sister was harmlessly insane. I remember the mother much bent with age pacing up and down the street, followed by her wild-eyed daughter with some little blossoms in her hand which she had plucked by the way. The

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house was afterwards bought and remodeled by H. B. Curtis and is now owned and occupied by Frank K. McLaughlin. A Mrs. Bulkley, the mother of Henry Bulkley, came here and built a house on the opposite side of the street near where Charles G. Sanford's house now stands. The house afterwards burned down and she departed with her daughters. The house across the street was altered over by Charles G. Sanford from an old carpenter shop built by H. B. Curtis. "Bill" Pratt the orator lived and died in a little old house, now taken down, north of the Mosher house. Near this spot a road ran over the hill where E. M. Jerome's house now stands, and a short distance north of this house stood a dwelling owned and occupied many years ago by Solomon Wolcott, whose daughter married Daniel Noble, lawyer and treasurer of the college at the time of his death in 1830. His grandson and Wolcott's great-grandson, the Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, of the New York *Observer*, has built a beautiful summer home on the old Wolcott place a short distance west of the site of the old house. Col. Samuel Tyler purchased this place of Wolcott, and lived and died there, leaving the house to his son Isham. After Isham's death the place was sold to Mr. Bixby who moved here from his farm on Northwest Hill. The present Charityville road running north from the Northwest Hill road to meet the road

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over Tyler Hill was opened in 1834, and the old road was closed. Bixby demolished the old Wolcott house and built the dwelling Marshall Prindle now owns and occupies. The house on this street nearly opposite the Bixby house, was built and occupied by John Knowlton. A small one-story house stood on the opposite side of the street occupied by Mrs. McCumber French. At her death the house was taken down. Thomas Cox, "Professor of Dust and Ashes," once lived in the Root place which is now occupied by Samuel Starkweather. Just north stands a house built by Asa Talmage when the road was first opened. Further north on the east side of the street stands the Whitman farm house now owned by William Leet. This street is now lined by a number of houses on either side. South of the Hoosac River on this street stands the Asa Northam house which has passed through the hands of many different owners, and is now occupied by Barney Andrews. Just north of the river on the east side of the street where the railroad tracks are now laid, stood a house owned by Moses Seeley, which was afterwards occupied by the late Willard Moody, and the bridge built over the river at this point is called Moody's Bridge to this day. This house was moved by Justin Ford, north to the corner where his widow now lives. The house on the west side of the street where Sheriff Prindle lives was built by

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Col. Simonds, and was afterwards occupied by Asa Northam, Jr. Alfred Jordan owned this farm and sold it to Leonard Cole, who lived there many years. After his death it came into the hands of his son John, who sold it and went west. The late Edwin Bridges married Leonard's eldest daughter and their two sons and daughter live there. The younger son, Charles, owns the farm of his great-grandfather Jonathan Bridges, which has never been out of the family. A few years ago he sold a part of the farm to the Fitchburg Railroad Company, to enable them to enlarge their railroad yards. The house opposite the Cole house was built by Henry Seeley. North of this stands a one-story house known as the Tusine house, from the old man by that name who lived there, and which must be older than any other house in that vicinity. Across the street on the corner stood the Ephraim Seeley house, owned by a man who held much land in the township and was called a land grabber. In my young days this house and farm was owned by old Mr. Thomas, and after his death by his son Dwight who had a vegetable garden here for many years. This house burned down a long time ago, and Justin Ford purchased the farm and moved the Moody house on to the site. On the opposite side of the street stands the old stone school-house now used as a blacksmith shop. North of this P. R. Cole built a house and store, and after

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getting rich from his trade altered the store building into a dwelling house. John Fisk, brother of Jim Fisk, the peddler, built his house north and had his blacksmith shop on the opposite side of the street. Edward Fling, from Limerick, ran the blacksmith shop after Fisk and built the house on that side of the street. North of this, Willard Moody built his house and still occupies it, being the only old resident of that side of the river, except P. R. Cole. On the opposite side of the street stands the Silas Stone house where he lived for many years and in which he died. He was the son of Artemas Stone who kept the old stone tavern north of this house which was a famous old hostelry in those days where man and beast were well entertained and cared for. To the north across Broad Brook stands the Chester Stone house owned by a brother of Silas, who after living there many years sold it and went to Bennington, Vt. After living there a few years he returned and purchased the John Fisk place where he passed the remainder of his days. The next house was a long one-story dwelling of the old style built on the hill west of the street and but a few rods east of where the railroad track now runs. This was owned and occupied by Oliver Barrett, and after his death by his only son Proctor who married Hannah Curtis, a cousin of H. B. Curtis, who came here from Lanesboro and taught the Buxton school. She was

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a girl of much beauty. After their marriage Barrett sold this place to Lyman Bennett and bought a farm in Bennington, Vt. The old house has disappeared. The next house is the Line House, which in my early recollections was kept as a tavern by Esquire Ware. He was a Vermont justice, and, in the north room which is on the Vermont side used to join in marriage couples coming from Massachusetts. He did quite a flourishing business in this line, as the laws of Massachusetts in those early days required the marriage intentions to be published for two weeks before the marriage, which rather hampered those who wished to be married there and then.

Nearby is the famous Sand Spring which for time immemorial has bubbled bright and sparkling out of the sandy soil. At the time of my boyhood visits to this now famous spot there was only a small hole in the ground where the water came up and ran down in a couple of tubes in which we used to dip. At that time old Mr. Sweet owned the spring. Afterwards Col. William Waterman bought the place and lived there. After his death the property passed to his son Henry who lived there for a time. Finally, after passing through various hands, the property was purchased by Doctor Bailey of Pittsfield who had the spring curbed-up with stone and built a large sanitarium there. The baths afterwards came into the hands of Mr. Swift, the popular landlord of

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the Wilson House at North Adams, who enlarged the house built by Bailey, erected other buildings, remodeled the bath house, purchased the pine grove in front, and was making the place a first-class summer resort, when unfortunately the house took fire and burned down. The property is now owned by Doctor Lloyd, who has built a new sanitarium and is utilizing the water for making ginger ale, which is said to be of excellent quality.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WATER STREET—SMALL BEER THE ONLY BEVERAGE—SOME OLD-TIME ADVENTISTS—A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN—THE HUBBELL PLACE—KRIGGER MILL—HOPPER ROAD—STEVE BACON'S STORIES—THE TOWNSEND FAMILY.

Passing from Main Street down Water Street, a two-story narrow house formerly stood where Cole's brick block now stands. Adjoining that to the south, where the Cole house now stands, was an old brick house on the brow of the hill overlooking Green River. This house, which became very dilapidated, finally burned down, and Liberty Bartlett built the fine house which stands on the site and lived there with his family. He tore down the little tenement house above referred to, and built the brick block north of his residence now known as Cole's block. Bartlett was engaged in the tannery and shoe business, and his tannery was located on the west bank of Green River, about where Town's mill is now located. The old Nathaniel Town mill stood just south of the bridge which crosses the river to Snob Hill, and the Bartlett shoe shops were in a long house close to and south of this mill, with the

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tan vats below. Bartlett, with his business enterprise and band of shoemakers, was in his time a great factor in the town, and gave many men employment. When he opened his store he persuaded Solomon Bulkley and C. R. Taft to become interested in the business, and it proved a losing venture for them. Bartlett failed and left the town. His wife and children lived here for some years after he left, and then went to join him at Little Rock, Arkansas. Some two years since the writer received a brief, written by Bartlett in some law suit of his, and on a slip attached were the words: "Respects of Liberty Bartlett, age 86 years and 3 months." He has since died, but two of his children are still living: Eliza, the eldest daughter, in Washington, D. C., and Mary, the youngest, who is married and lives in Oklahoma Territory. Two years ago the writer partook of a Christmas dinner at his sister's in Washington, at which Eliza was present. Time has dealt gently with her, and she looks much as she did when in Williamstown. Luther Bartlett, father of Liberty, built the house on the bank of and partially overhanging the river north of the bridge leading to Snob Hill, and lived there up to the time of his death. He had a family of sons and daughters, all of whom are now dead. Mrs. James Meacham was one of the daughters. None of his descendants now live in the town. Among his grandsons are

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Harvey Wellington, cashier of the Adams National Bank, and Hiram Bartlett, ex-sheriff of the county, also the sons of James Meacham of Bennington, Vt.

Nat Town lived in the long house on the west side of the street at the time he ran the old mill. His wife was a sister of Dennis Smith and Mrs. Shattuck. They had a large family, of whom but one is living, Milo, who now resides at Shelburne Falls, Mass. Charles, the eldest son, ran the old mill after his father's death until he built the present mill, which stands on the site of the old mill and the old Bartlett shoe shops. He left two sons, who are millers. After Liberty Bartlett left town, Harvey T. Cole purchased the Bartlett property and occupied the store till it burned down in 1858, when he erected the present brick block.

Pierce O'Connell built the house south of the blacksmith shop. The writer tried a case in which Pierce was defendant on a charge of selling ardent spirits. One of the witnesses was asked what kind of liquor he purchased. His answer was : " I hardly know ; it was some pulverized stuff."

Further south, on the west side of the street, stands the house of Nichols, the old-time surveyor and watch repairer, where the students used to resort to get their clothes laundried and also to quench their thirst with small beer, which was of good quality and cost six cents per bottle. This was the strongest

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drink the boys could partake of in those early days. This house was once the home of Doctor Towner, an old-time physician and a man of much influence and note in the town, who represented it many terms in the Legislature. He was the great-grandfather of Clarence M. Smith. South of this house was a large rambling dwelling occupied by Stephen Smith, whose wife was a sister of David Torrey who lived on the cross road to Oblong, where his son, William Torrey, also lived and died. The house is now occupied by L. H. Gardner. Stephen was the father of Josiah and Lucius Smith, both graduates of the college. The old house has disappeared, and others have been erected on the place.

The old house which formerly stood at the junction of New and Water Streets, was built by Cook the tinman, and Peter Coon. They were strong Adventists, and Peter had great faith that the meek would inherit the earth. He would sometimes come on Sunday afternoon to the old white meeting-house on the hill to hear Dr. Hopkins preach, and being a little hard of hearing, would sit up near the pulpit. When Dr. Hopkins' argument became too hot for him, you would see Peter's white head go bobbing down the aisle, and the next day he would call on the doctor to have the argument out with him. When Peter got to be old and feeble and could just creep around, he was asked what he thought now

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about his doctrine. "I don't know," he replied, "but the devil will get the best of me after all; but I don't mean to have him." But Peter's time came at last, the same as to others who he had thought had died because they were sinners and could not live to inherit.

Dennis Smith's house still stands near where his shop used to be, and is now owned by Mrs. W. C. Goodrich. Next south stand two houses, one occupied by Crosier, and another by Steve Pratt, the old-time stage driver. Beyond this once stood an old yellow house, which many years ago was occupied by Isaac Sherman, a nephew of Bissel Sherman, being a son of an elder brother who came from Rhode Island and settled in Pownal, Vt., or in North Petersburg, N. Y., I forget which. Isaac, when a young man, lived in Adams, and there are those living there now who knew him well. He went to New York city, and from there to Buffalo, where he engaged in the lumber business, and being a shrewd business man, accumulated money and became very wealthy. Isaac had only one daughter, who at his death inherited his entire estate. When a young lady, this daughter was sent to a fashionable boarding school in New York city, where she became acquainted with the daughters of the Vanderbilts and other wealthy families. At the wedding of Margaret Louisa Vanderbilt to the late Elliot F. Shepard,

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where Miss Sherman was one of the bridesmaids, she met Bradley Martin of New York, and afterwards married him. Their daughter last year married Lord Craven of England, and the wedding was one of the fashionable events of the season.

Nearly opposite the Sherman house lived Selden Cone, I think in the house which Timothy White now occupies, and his shop was on the east side of the street. Daniel Evans lived in a one-story house which the son, E. E. Evans, now occupies. The next old-time house is the James Meacham dwelling, where two or three generations have lived. It is now owned by the heirs of James and Edward Meacham. The family is extinct in Williamstown. Many buildings have been erected on this street since those old days.

Passing south, on the east side of the street we come to a house occupied by Mrs. Calvin Brown, once the home of Henry Hulbert who was a shoemaker and had a tannery there. On the west side of the street is the old Day place, much improved and now owned by John B. Gale. The next farm was the Jacob Bacon place. The house burned down about two years ago. This farm also is now owned by John B. Gale. The Bacons who live on the road to the Hopper are the descendants of this Bacon, and three generations of the Bacon family in succession have lived in this house. One of Jacob

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Bacon's daughters married Almon Harrison and another daughter married Orrin Kellogg. Kellogg and his wife inherited the farm and sold it to Isaac Latham and purchased a house and lot on South Street, which Mrs. Ward now owns and occupies. Kellogg had two daughters and one son, the latter a graduate of the class of 1847. He became a lawyer and bank cashier in Troy, where he died some years ago. His widow owns a house on South Street which she occupies summers with her only daughter. The Titus Harrison place now owned by Almon Stevens, the market gardener, was the house occupied by the Rev. Mr. Swift when he was settled here. He planted the pine tree in front of the house which is now more than one hundred years old. The house still retains its original shape as a gambrel-roofed structure. The house stands on the house lot originally set aside for the minister's house. It was in the woods on this old place that Swift was chopping when Solomon, the old hunter, asked him for the ax to cut the fox out of the hollow tree. Daniel Stevens who married a daughter of Dr. Samuel Porter purchased this place of John Harrison who moved west. After the death of his first wife he married a daughter of Stephen Bacon, and when she died he left this house and built the house to the north where he lived with his daughter Mary up to the time of his death.

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After you pass through the woods, on the west side of the street stood Joseph Thurber's house. He had a family of three children, one son and two daughters. The oldest daughter married Thomas Hall, son of Willard Hall, who built a house on the opposite side of the street on his father's land. After Thurber's death his house was taken down and the plot is now connected with the Williams farm.

On the Stratton Road which runs from the river road easterly stands the house of William Blair, whose wife was Sally Train, the daughter of Rachel Simons Train. This house was remodeled by Dr. Charles H. Hubbell who purchased the farm. The place is now owned by his son Charles B. Hubbell of the class of 1874, a prominent lawyer of New York city and one of the city school commissioners. Mr. Hubbell spends the summer months with his family on the farm. Further east on the hill is the farm of Charles Ingalls. A brick house once owned by Isaac Latham used to stand on this site. The old house was taken down a few years ago by Mr. Wing and a new house built on the old site. Further south was a house and farm occupied by J. S. Fowler which was purchased by his father of Lucien Morey. Morey purchased the place of the Whitman estate. It is called in Dr. Perry's book the Loveland place. Loveland lived on the farm when the Whitmans owned it but it never belonged to him.

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Proceeding south on the River Road we come to the Elisha Williams house which in the old times was a one-story house, but was afterwards enlarged by Charles Williams. After Charles' death the farm was purchased by H. T. Procter who has improved the house and erected some fine stock barns. Next south of this is the brick house built by Almon Harrison which he occupied many years and his son Clement after him. Clement Harrison sold to Benjamin Briggs, the money lender, and purchased the fine farm between Williamstown and North Adams on which he lived the remainder of his life. There is a fine spring on the old place which Harrison utilized for the making of cider brandy. This place is now owned by Lucien Jenks. A few years ago the interior of the house was burned out but the brick walls were left standing and a new house was built in the old shell. On the opposite side of the street stand two small houses, one built by Edward Walden, the other the residence of the family of the late Edwin Town. Further on is the Davis house owned by his daughter. Nearly opposite is the stone Baptist Church. Further south is the Thomas Bingham place. Next is the Julius A. Daniels house which is now owned by his nephew. Next is the Willard Hall place now owned and occupied by his son Francis.

We now come to the Krigger Mill situated at the

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junction of the two streams where the toll grists were ground for many years for the dwellers of the south part of the town. The house on the corner in which Krigger dwelt, which stood there many years, is now being moved near the house to the west which was built by Mrs. Stephen Bacon. These dwellings are now owned by the town of Williams-town and are used as the town farm for the poor.

Passing to the east up the Hopper Road, which used to be called Shack Street in my younger days, we come to the George W. Daniels house on the west side of the street. Further on is the David Chamberlain place now occupied by Mrs. Ruth J. Ward. Further up the road on a little plateau west of the brook stood a small school-house in which the writer when in college taught school during the winter months and boarded around.

The teacher boarded six weeks at Stephen Bacon's as nearly half of the scholars came from that house. Stephen senior was then alive but very feeble. He was very fond in his old age of telling big stories and the teacher did his best to hold his end up. One day Bacon informed the teacher that when in his prime he had cradled ten acres of oats in one day. To match this the teacher said that the most he ever cradled in one day was six acres of hemlock timber. Then the old man told how many hundred pounds he had carried on his back, to which the

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schoolmaster's repartee was that he once saw a man in Troy carry twenty bushels of salt on his shoulder and that his feet sunk into the pavements up to his ankles. The old man looked at him a moment and said "You lie, you lie like a dog."

On the cross road which comes out south on the New Ashford road is an old one-story house known as the Potter place. Here William Potter from Rhode Island lived and died. He had three daughters, one of whom married Asa Daniels and another Elder Sweet for his second or third wife. After their father's death they sold the farm and two of the girls purchased a small house beyond the Francis Deming place on the New Ashford road.

Returning to Krigger's Corners and turning south, beyond the town farm house is the Albert Green house now owned by George Daniels. Passing several small places we come to where on the west of the street once stood the old Judd house, which was one of the old-fashioned gambrel-roofed houses. It was destroyed by fire some ten years ago. Judd had a clothing mill on the river south of the road. He had quite a family of pretty daughters. After his death his son Edward sold the place to Elisha Brooks, and after his death it was owned by Julius Daniels.

A short distance west there used to be a bridge which crossed the river and a road leading south on the

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hill to the Townsend place, a large white house with tall poplar trees in front. This was once the Eddy farm, but his daughter wishing to live in the village, he sold the farm to Nathaniel Townsend and purchased the old tavern stand in the lower part of the village afterwards known as the Union House. Two of Eddy's sons studied for the ministry; one graduated at Williams College. One of his daughters became the wife of the late Levi Smedley. Another of his daughters married a minister by the name of Coe, a graduate of the college. Another son lived with the Smedleys the latter part of his life. He married a sister of Stephen and John Hickox, a very beautiful girl who had many admirers. The old Eddy farm after being purchased by the Townsends was the home of Rufus, Martin I., and Randolph Townsend, when they attended Williams College. In order to attend the college exercises they used to make daily on foot a long journey from the farm to the village. This was about the only kind of gymnastic exercises we had in those days, and I doubt if any stronger or more athletic men are now turned out by the college with its costly gymnasium and fine athletic equipment. The two younger brothers are still living, Martin I., a prominent lawyer of Troy, who represented that district for two terms in Congress and also served as United States District Attorney for the northern district of New York state.

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He is now eighty-six years old and still hale and hearty and actively engaged in the practice of his profession. Four years ago in his eighty-third year he made a trip to Europe with his grandson and travelled all over the continent. The youngest brother, Randolph, is also a lawyer and lives in New York city.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WHITE OAKS—SOME OF ITS NOTED CHARACTERS
—AN ORIGINAL HYMN—THE BUXTON PRAYER-
MEETINGS—WATCHING WITH THE SICK—BILL
SHATTUCK, FUNERAL DIRECTOR—THE LATE WIL-
LIAM PRATT—A TEMPERANCE SERMON.

In the north-east corner of the town on the Vermont state line, there is a little hamlet known as the White Oaks, in olden times mostly occupied by a colored population, most of whom came from New York state when slavery was abolished there. In this little hamlet dwelt many queer characters, who can readily be recalled by the older inhabitants of the town. Ishmael Titus, an old negro, with a large wen on his neck, lived in a house near Broad Brook known as the Cato place. In a house north of this lived Harvey Titus, son of Ishmael. Near this George Washington Adams purchased a lot and built his residence, and south of him Abraham Parsons, better known as "Abe Bunter," brother-in-law of George Washington, built his imposing dwelling, leaving his former residence further down near the brook. The house on the brook was a fine one, but the rains descended and the floods came and the waters covered the earth, and Abe's dwelling not being founded upon a rock, and there being no ark

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in preparation, he fled with his family to the hills and built his dwelling on the high lands where the floods could not reach him. On the road which leads from the hollow road to Oak Hill, once stood a shanty known as the John Ballou place, where a poor white family was raised, which for many generations annoyed the people of the village with their begging. In this little hut with the one room there lived John and Hannah Ballou. They had ten children, not one of whom could ever learn to read or write. The family eked out a miserable existence by making door mats of corn husks, and coarse baskets. One of the sons, Aaron, was so misshapen from rheumatism, that his head was drawn down under one arm and he had to swing himself along on crutches. Two of the other children were frozen to death one winter night in crossing Petersburg Mountain. This led Judge Bulkley to make the remark that Petersburg Mountain was equal to a state almshouse for Williamstown, as it relieved the town of so many of its paupers. But one of the family is now alive, Steve Ballou, who is now an inmate of the town poorhouse.

For many years there was not a more benighted region in any heathen land than this settlement, until about 1860, when Professor Albert Hopkins began his great work of civilizing and christianizing this hamlet by holding weekly prayer-meetings there. In

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time he not only taught the people to be self-supporting but also encouraged them to raise crops to sell and devote part of the proceeds to the cause of foreign missions. It may be remarked in passing that it seems strange that in the very place where the work of foreign missions was inaugurated the far more important work of domestic missions should have been so long neglected. The writer was present when the little chapel was dedicated, and the professor preached his first sermon. Having a prophetic imagination he pictured to his audience a man who had left his New England home and gone west to seek his fortune. The grasshoppers had eaten up his crops and the cyclone had laid low his dwelling, and after many years he turned his face again toward his old home. "Yes," said the professor, "they are coming back. These hills which surround us are going to be dotted with dwellings. They are coming back." And as I have seen dwellings spring up here and there on these hills, verily I believe that Professor Hopkins was indeed inspired and was a prophet in his day and generation.

One of Professor Hopkins' converts in the White Oaks was a servant in Mrs. Seymour Whitman's family. One day Mrs. Whitman said to her "Caroline, did I not hear you swear just now?" "No, ma'am, you didn't; I used to swear, but when Professor Hopkins held meetings up in the White Oaks

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where I lived I felt so damned bad I riz for prayers and I haint swored a word since." I told this story to Professor Hopkins and he said: "Don't you ever tell that story again as long as you live." I replied, "Professor Hopkins, I will tell that story every chance I get. It's too good to keep."

Some years ago when my youngest sister was living in Williamstown, she took an old alumnus of the college, a very bright fellow, over to one of the meetings at Professor "Al's" little chapel in the White Oaks. As they drove home he said that the meeting reminded him of an old hymn which ran:

"One kind act in life's long journey
Lifts somewhat our load of sin;
As the musk in colored meeting
Modifies the air within."

In Professor Hopkins' will he left the White Oaks as a legacy to Williams College, expressing the hope that some willing hands and hearts would be found to carry on the good work which he had begun. This hope has been fulfilled, and the work there has been blessed, and the district is no longer a blot on the fair name of the beautiful village which gave birth to the American Board of Foreign Missions.

In my childhood days one of the events of the week was the Sunday night prayer-meeting. This was generally held at the little Buxton school-house, but sometimes at the houses of Anthony Sanders or

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Justin Ford (now the residence of Col. A. L. Hopkins.) These prayer-meetings were well attended by all the people in the neighborhood, some of whom were more remarkable for their piety and zeal than for their education. One of the residents of the district used to go a-fishing every Sunday morning and then come into the prayer-meeting in the evening and hold forth very eloquently—his favorite topic being "How Saint Paul led the children of Israel through the wilderness." This same man's wife had very little confidence in her husband's professions of religion and rarely attended the meetings. This being noticed, some one asked the reason and he replied: "Waal, you know, she's so *dambitious* and works so hard during the week, she's too tired." Another regular attendant was old Hod Reed, who used to pray regularly for "Our sins of home missions and commissions." About two miles away lived a half-witted fellow, who had a very pious mother. She used to teach him a verse of Scriptures to say at the prayer-meeting. As the distance was quite long, before he reached the school-house his verse had usually partially escaped his memory. One night as usual he prefaced his remarks with "My Christian friends, what all we here for this night come?" and then repeated his verse as follows: "Lord say heavy laden weary come to me yoke easy burden light Lord say come unto me rest unto your souls."

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One night old Sarah Blank exhorted "I long to leave this world of sin and be safe in Beelzebub's bosom." A pious brother plucked her sleeve and said, "Sister Sarah, you mean Abraham's bosom." "Abraham or Beelzebub," continued the good sister, "any of them old patriarchs, it don't make no kind of difference to me." At one time the clergyman left and a new one was expected. At the weekly meeting Brother S. arose and prayed "Oh! Lord, send us a minister not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

There was a common young fellow, an hostler from near Pownal, who got religion and came to one of the prayer-meetings. During the evening he arose and said: "I ask your prayers. I am troubled with wandering thoughts. Every time I try to say my prayers—wandering thoughts: every time I try to read my bible—wandering thoughts. Gals! Gals!! Gals!!!"

The times of which I write were of course many years before the days of the trained nurse, and my sisters were frequently sent by our mother to watch with the sick and the dying, no matter how contagious or dreadful the disease. In the neighborhood lived old Mrs. D., who had been confined to her bed for many weeks with an incurable disease. My youngest sister and Frances Sanders were sent one night to watch with the dying woman. About two o'clock in

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the morning an older woman who was also watching thought the end was near, so she sent the two young girls with a lantern, lighted by a tallow candle, to arouse the neighbors. In a short space of time they were all crowded around the bed in the little room, where they watched and waited. Finally a woman who had been very attentive to the sick woman, with a prospective eye to the coming widower, remarked: "Waal, folks, we might as well set down. Watched pot never biles."

For many years the undertaker and funeral director of the village was "Bill" Shattuck. At the close of the funeral discourse it was Bill's custom to appear in the door-way and make this announcement: "The relatives will now take leave of the corpse, beginning at the nearest and ending at the most remote, and so on, preserving that order through, and be as expeditious as possible and avoid all confusion." After all who desired had viewed the remains, Bill would appear again and say: "The teams are now before the door. The relations will pass out this door into the hall, beginning at the nearest and ending at the most remote, and so on, preserving that order through, and be as expeditious as possible, and avoid all confusion."

One of the most remarkable funerals that ever took place in the town was probably that of old Mrs. Pratt, the mother of Ebenezer, Russell and William Pratt,

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at which the chief mourners were the three sons just named, accompanied by their *six* wives. The most celebrated of the three sons was "Bill," the college wood-sawer and orator, who died but a few years since, and is doubtless remembered by most of the present generation. One of Bill's speeches used to run somewhat as follows: "God, Man, Heart, South America, shall we stand here and be rejected in cold weather? Triangles, Shingles, Scissors, Silver Moonbeams, No! We are responsible for our own con-
ductions. Ottah!"

The first temperance sermon that was ever preached in the town was delivered by a minister from Pownal in the Congregational church. As Mrs. Skinner, a most worthy lady, was coming out of the church, much to her surprise she met Zeb Sabin, quite a character from the South part, who never attended meetings any too often. She said: "Mr. Sabin, what an excellent sermon we had this morning. Did you not like it?" He replied "Very much indeed, Mrs. Skinner, I always *did* like anything that had rum in it."

In a former chapter I have spoken of Joshua Morey who lived at the South part. Joshua was a good Baptist and he used to invite old Elder Sweet of Stephentown to hold meetings and preach in his house Sunday afternoons. Occasionally Zeb and Hezekiah Sabin used to come over to Deacon Morey's to hear

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the elder. One hot summer afternoon the elder preached a very long sermon. Towards the end of it he exclaimed: "Brothers and sisters, what more can I say?" To which Bill Skinner, who was present, shouted the reply: "Say Amen! you old fool you." After the services were over and the audience had all dispersed except the elder and Zeb and Hezekiah, Joshua brought out some old cider brandy and asked the elder if he wouldn't take some. The elder replied "If I ever felt like taking a little it is after preaching such a sermon as I preached this afternoon." Joshua then asked Zeb if he wouldn't join them. "Waal" said Zeb "if I ever felt like taking a little, it is after listening to such a sermon as I heard this afternoon."

One day the old village minister, Mr. Gridley, had been talking to Bill Skinner on the subject of religion. His remarks did not seem to have much effect, and as a final argument the good preacher exclaimed: "Mr. Skinner, when you get to hell there will be no preaching or praying there for you." To which Bill replied, quick as a wink "God! Mr. Gridley, it won't be for lack of ministers!"

CHAPTER XX.

**MAIN STREET—HOW THE FRESHMEN HOOKED GESE
—HOXSEY AND THE GUERRILLAS—PRESIDENT
GRIFFIN—THE COLLEGE IN THE FORTIES—"CHIP
AND TREE DAYS"—STUDENTS THEN AND NOW—
THE SOCIETY CLUB HOUSES.**

The Main Street in Williamstown was laid out sixteen rods wide, from the top of the hill near the Bingham house on the east, to the brow of the hill near Buxton Brook on the west, but many of the buildings intrude on the street. As the streets in the olden times were the poor man's pasture and were full of cows day and night, the property owners had to fence their places and keep their gates well secured. The cows in those days were our lawn mowers, and it was a great lark for the college boys now and then to collect the cows at night and drive them on Petersburg Mountain, and the next day the cows would come lowing back to their green pastures. One dark night some of the students secured a red cow and painted her in stripes black and white and the owner hunted for her up and down the street passing his cow many times without recognizing her. Finally the cow went home to her calf who knew her when the owner did not. Pigs rooted and grunted and geese flapped their wings on Main Street and all the freshmen had to do to obtain a goose was to

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throw a line out of old West College window with a good sized hook baited with corn and take one in. The West and East Colleges were fenced in and the yards were covered with tall grass which was sold to any one who needed hay and made application for it. In the summer of 1862, during the Civil War, Hoxsey purchased the grass which he cut and cured and tumbled up ready to take in the next morning, but during the night some of the college boys being anxious to know if the grass was dry touched a match to the hay and it disappeared in flames and smoke. Meeting Hoxsey shortly afterwards I asked him what he was doing. He said, "I have just been charging Dr. Hopkins up with two tons of hay burned by his damned guerillas." Some twenty years ago, the late Cyrus W. Field of New York presented the town with the sum of five thousand dollars, to be used in grading and beautifying the streets, on condition that all the fences in the village should be taken down. The fences were removed and the cattle were no longer permitted to roam about the streets and the village is now like a great park with its well-kept lawns and beautiful shade trees, with the beautiful college society houses and private dwellings with their ample grounds, and the handsome college buildings, many of which have been erected within the past few years.

The writer's first recollections of the college go

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back to the time when Dr. Edward Griffin was president. Dr. Griffin was a very large man, over six feet in height. He usually took his exercise on horseback, and well do I remember his large black horse with a white stripe in the face. He used to ride up to the home of my boyhood and say, "Sonny, please open that gate so I can ride up to the top of the hill for a view." He was a very courtly man and insisted upon politeness from the students. When he met one on the street who did not meet his ideas on this subject, he would stop him and address him as his "Dear Pupil" and after making a very polite bow would pass on. I also remember Dr. Hopkins, in one of our class recitations senior year, asking one of the class what was the best way of breaking up disagreeable manners, whether by speaking to the person about the matter direct or by hints. To illustrate he told us of a call he made when a student on President Griffin, giving us a vivid picture of the president, with his large portly figure, his politeness and grace. He said he entered Dr. Griffin's room in a careless manner and when he came to take his leave the doctor drew himself up and made him a very polite and courtly bow. Dr. Hopkins said it was a hint to him that his manners when he entered did not meet the president's requirements and that he ever afterwards remembered the gentle hint and endeavored to meet his wishes in that

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respect. In 1836 Dr. Griffin retired from the presidency of the college and Mark Hopkins, who had been a professor in the college for some years, was chosen to succeed him. In 1842 the writer's class entered under his instructions. Ebenezer Kellogg was professor of Latin and Greek at that time and was in feeble health, dying during our junior year. Albert Hopkins was professor of astronomy ; Joseph Alden, professor of elocution and political economy ; Edward Lasell, professor of chemistry, and John Tatlock, professor of mathematics. Tutor Coffin had the freshman class in mathematics and Latin. All of these men have now passed away, some dying with the harness on, others having retired before their death. In those days the students were older and seemed more manly than they do now. More came to college ; fewer were sent. The college requirements were quite severe and the students had to live up to them or suffer the consequences. Our gymnastic exercises in summer consisted in the care of the flower beds, one of which was allotted to every two of the students. The West College beds were located where Kellogg Hall now stands, and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon the work was superintended by Professor Albert Hopkins. The East College beds were located where Jackson Hall now stands. In the winter we sawed our fire-wood and carried it to our rooms.

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The writer's room for two years was in the fourth story of West College and carrying the wood up proved pretty good exercise. Besides I had to walk six miles a day going and coming from my home to my room in the college. Our recreation days were two during the year, one in the spring called "chip day," when we raked up the chips and cleaned the college grounds; those who did not wish to labor, paying small fines with which the chip committee hired the teams to cart away the chips. The other day was called "tree day," when we set out trees. Most of the trees about the college grounds and up and down the Main Street were set out by the students under the supervision of Professor Hopkins. Another day was called "gravel day," when we gravelled the walks, and the fines for those who did not work payed for the teams.

The first old countrymen I remember working around the college were Dick Lama and James Melville. Dick was quite a character. When full he would prance up and down like a horse, go backwards, then gather himself up and go ahead with a whoop. He built the house on Shattuck Lane where Thomas Nevell now lives. Melville was a shrewd Irishman and abounded in mother wit. A group of the students was gathered about him one day when some one said, "Jimmy, where do you think you'll go when you die?" "Oh," said Jimmy, "if I

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don't mend my ways I s'pose I'll go to the bad place." "Well, Jimmy, what do you suppose you'll be doing there?" "Oh, just waiting on the students, same as here."

In those days the students when on the streets were neatly if not elegantly dressed, and were polite. They did not wear sweaters, with a cap on the back of their heads, their hair over their eyes like a poodle dog, and a pipe a foot long in their mouths. The professors were few in number and we knew them and they knew us. Some one of the professors had a room in each of the college buildings. Our study hours in the evening were from seven till nine o'clock, during which time we were required to be in our rooms. Then we had one hour for visiting, and after ten o'clock our lights had to be out and we were supposed to have retired. Games of cards were not allowed in the college rooms. President Hopkins visited our rooms as often as once a term, and the professors came oftener, to see if we were in our rooms or if we had lounging visitors, and if they found such they politely requested them to retire to their rooms. The secret societies did not have any club houses. The first club house was built by the Sigma Phis—the little brick house on Spring Street adjoining the school-house, which was their club house for some years. Before this they had their lodge room in the upper part of the Union House

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when kept by Uncle Jerry Hosford. The Kappa Alpha society had their lodge room in the upper part of James Meacham's house on Water Street, and some of the old members will remember the good suppers Mrs. Meacham used to get up for them, and Mary Nichols' root beer. The Chi Psis had their lodge at one time in the old Mansion House. The Delta Psis held their meetings for several years in the upper room of the wagon shop standing on the bank of Hemlock Brook at the foot of Buxton Hill. The Alpha Delta Phi society had their meetings in the upper rooms of the old Academy building over the writer's office. All of these societies now have beautiful club houses on Main Street. The Delta Kappa Epsilon society house was injured by fire two years ago and the society will in the near future build a fine lodge on the site on Main Street. The old anti-secret society, the "D. U.," from which the other societies used to steal some of their most valued members, has reorganized within the last few years and now owns and occupies the fine old Dewey house, which in the olden times was occupied by three generations of the noted Dewey family.

Dr. Hopkins was president of the college up to 1872 when he resigned the presidency but continued his instructions to the classes up to the time of his death. He was succeeded by Paul A. Chadbourne, who resigned in 1882 and was succeeded by Franklin

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Carter, who with his energy and tact has succeeded in raising funds sufficient to put the college on a sound financial basis. The students have doubled in numbers and the college has a large and efficient corps of professors. Those of the graduates who have not visited their Alma Mater for twenty years or more will feel like Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' sleep on returning to his old home. Williams College still stands on its hills, more inviting than ever to young men who may come to fit themselves for life's battles.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW STREETS AND WHEN THEY WERE OPENED
—MISSION PARK AND THE HAYSTACK MONUMENT
—THE NEW SUMMER RESIDENCES — MOUNT
PLEASANT—THE RECENT COLLEGE BUILDINGS—
HOW THE COLLEGE TREASURER USED TO KEEP
THE FUNDS.

The inhabitants of the village found plenty of room to build and locate on Main Street and the old side streets up to 1847, when Spring Street was opened by S. V. R. Hoxsey. Fred and Edwin Sanderson, Blakeslee and George Roberts erected dwellings on it in that year. The next year Charles Spooner, William A. Morey and others built on this street, which has now become the principal business street of the village, having three large brick buildings and the high school located there, also the post office, banks, police court, drug store, and all the law offices.

Park Street was opened in 1854, when Professor P. A. Chadbourne commenced to erect a dwelling there. Owing to a death in his family, however, he sold the house unfinished to Professor John Bascom, who finished it and who owns and occupies it at the present time. On the opposite side of the street, the land where Mission Park now stands was purchased

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and laid out by friends of the college. It is now a beautiful park, adorned with many beautiful trees. Within a circle of evergreens stands a monument erected to commemorate the birthplace of foreign missions, and to perpetuate the names of the six young students in Williams College who in 1806 met in that retired spot to pray for the establishment of a mission to heathen lands. A shower coming up at one of their meetings, they fled for protection to the shelter of a haystack standing near, and the monument erected some years ago marks the spot where the haystack stood. The late Professor Tenney purchased a lot opposite the park and built a fine residence upon it, but lived only a few years to enjoy it, dying very suddenly in 1877, on his way to Chicago to meet a company of students whom he was to conduct on a scientific expedition to the Rocky Mountains. When this street was opened the writer's office was on the corner of Main Street, and he frequently resorted to a vacant lot on the other side of the street, from which there was a beautiful view. He admired the spot so much that he afterwards purchased one-and-a-half acres there, where the dwellings of his son Bushnell and N. F. Smith now stand, with the intention of erecting a house there for himself. But the old Buxton home, with all the childhood memories clustering around it, proved too strong a tie for him to sever, and he sold the lot to

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the Delta Psi fraternity, and they erected there their first club-house. Many years afterwards, when the society purchased the old Benjamin lot for the erection of their new club house, they sold their old house to Bushnell Danforth, and the spot which the father selected for his home has, after many years, become the home of his son.

When the street was first opened the first Congregational parish purchased a quarter of an acre and built a chapel on it which is now occupied by the Episcopalians who are about to build a fine stone church upon the site. In 1860, Dr. S. Duncan erected a house on this street north of the chapel. This house was afterwards purchased by the college and is now occupied by Professor Burr.

The next street opened was Hoxsey Street, which is now lined on both sides by fine houses. A few years ago Mrs. Southworth opened an avenue in the lower part of the village on the land her husband purchased of the Dewey estate, and this is now built up with fine dwellings. Another new street has lately been surveyed and is to be opened this summer from Park Street east to Depot Street crossing the north end of Southworth Avenue.

When the railroad station was located on the banks of the Hoosac, the thoroughfare known as Shattuck Lane which led to the station from Main Street was widened and given the name of Depot Street, but

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two years ago the committee appointed to name the Williamstown streets and roads gave this street the name of Cole Avenue. In 1864 a large cotton mill was erected on the banks of the Hoosac, opposite the station, and the yards of the Fitchburg Railroad having recently been located in that vicinity, a large hamlet has of late years sprung up on both sides of the river.

Within the last few years many handsome summer homes have been built on the hills south and west of the village. E. Courtland Gale and James M. Ide have located their fine houses south of the village, on an eminence commanding beautiful views on all sides. Samuel Blagden and W. E. Hoyt have built their residences on high ground west of the village. Probably the finest site of all however is that selected by Van Dyke Brown, of New York, who will build a handsome residence on Buxton Hill at a point which commands a view of the entire valley. Doctor Edward Griffin, the old president of the college, used to ride to this spot on his black horse for the purpose of enjoying the view and pronounced it the finest one to be obtained from any point in the town. He named it Mount Pleasant.

The college buildings have also multiplied in numbers and increased in beauty of architecture. The handsomest of all is the new Hopkins Memorial. In this is located the office of the treasurer

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of the college, with a vault in which to keep the college records and the surplus funds on hand. In old times, and indeed in times not so very old, if the treasurer of the college had any money left over after paying the bills, not daring to leave it in the old college safe, he would have to take it to his house and secrete it in some outlandish spot where a burglar would not think of looking for it. There being no bank in the village, he would have to drive several times a week to North Adams to the bank to deposit checks and draw money. Now we have a bank in the village with a fine safe deposit vault with boxes for rent. The Lasell Gymnasium, Morgan Hall, built by the late Governor Morgan, and the new Chemical Laboratories, the gifts of trustee Frederick Thompson, of New York city, are all useful buildings and ornaments to the college grounds.

If some of the students who went out from the college many years ago should come back now and visit the town and take in the beauties of the new college buildings, the fine summer residences in the village and throughout the surrounding country, they would find but few of the old landmarks and would hardly believe that they ever passed four years of college life in this spot.

THE END.

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